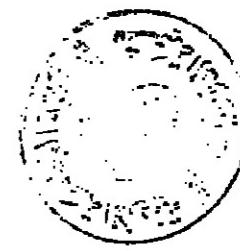


THE TIMES



No. 65,768

MONDAY DECEMBER 23 1996



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Car bomb spells end to loyalist ceasefire

By NICHOLAS WATT, CHIEF IRELAND CORRESPONDENT

THE loyalist ceasefire appeared to be in ruins last night after a notorious republican was injured by a booby-trap car bomb in the Ardoyne area of north Belfast.

Eddie Copeland, who was named in Parliament in 1994 as an alleged IRA godfather, suffered a wound to his right leg in the explosion as he started his car outside his mother's house yesterday lunchtime. He was taken to hospital, where his condition was described as stable.

No group admitted responsibility for the attack, but it appeared to have been carried out by loyalist terrorists in retaliation for the IRA's attempt to murder two policemen in the heart of Belfast's main children's hospital on Friday night.

David Ervine, of the Progressive Unionist Party — the political wing of the Ulster Volunteer Force — voiced fears that the bomb was "potentially the beginning of a spiral" of violence.

The bomb had been planted under the driver's seat and left a 12in x 18in hole. Joe Lee, who lives next door to Mr Copeland's mother in Ladbrook Drive, ran to help after hearing a loud bang. "He was in a bad way," he said.

"His leg was open, but he was gesturing 'I'm OK, I'm OK.'

Mr Copeland, 25, is loathed by loyalists, who refer to him as "Steady Eddie", and is a prime target for the Ulster Defence Association and the Ulster Volunteer Force, which are both active in the Shankill area near by.

In October 1993, he was shot by a soldier while attending the wake of an IRA terrorist who died in the Shankill Road bombing which killed nine Protestants.

Trooper Andrew Clarke, of the 9th/12th Lancers, who was subsequently jailed for ten years for attempted murder of Mr Copeland, told police that he had opened fire because he was frustrated at seeing terrorist suspects taunting soldiers. Mr Copeland's father, John, was shot dead by troops in the same district in October, 1971.

Bobby Lavery, a Sinn Fein

Dangerous months, page 2

Demands rejected, page 7



The England batsman Nick Knight walking off after England came within one run of victory in the first Test against Zimbabwe in Bulawayo yesterday. It was the first time that the scores had finished level in a drawn match. Pages 19, 20

Freed hostages call for siege compromise

LIMA: Thousands of Peruvians yesterday demonstrated in support of a compromise between President Fujimori and the Marxist rebels holding more than 360 hostages in the Japanese Ambassador's residence (Gabriela Gamini writes).

Protesters, including dozens of freed hostages, demanded a peaceful solution. After marching to the residence, many promised to stage a vigil until the hostages are released.

The march seems to have been triggered by Senior Fujimori's remarks on Saturday ruling out any deal with the rebels.

Demands rejected, page 7

Catholic Church 'will not take bishop back'

BY SHIRLEY ENGLISH

RODERICK WRIGHT, former Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, will never be allowed to return to a Roman Catholic Church post in Scotland, even if he repents, gives up Kathleen MacPhee, his divorced lover, and provides support for his illegitimate son by another woman, according to the Archbishop of St Andrews and Edinburgh, the Most Rev Keith O'Brien.

The Archbishop, who will help in choosing a replacement for Mr Wright, said: "Anyone can say they are sorry. As Christians, we believe in forgiveness, and I am sure Christ will forgive Roddy Wright. But, with regard to a

public role in the church — certainly not in Scotland."

Yesterday, speaking publicly for the first time on the subject, William MacPhee, said he was preparing to spend Christmas alone with his three children, adding that his former wife had not spoken to her daughter since she fled Fort William to set up home with Mr Wright.

Joanne Whibley, the woman who had Mr Wright's son 15 years ago, said she now no longer had any expectation he would take any fatherly responsibility for the boy.

Abandoned children, page 6

Record City fees make millionaires

Fees earned by City dealmakers will top the £1 billion mark for the first time this year. Bonuses will create a raft of millionaires.

The total value of takeovers masterminded by the City in 1996 will not match last year's but the fees income will be larger because of the complexity of several big deals. The bonanza is likely to continue into the new year.

Page 36

Gingrich risks his job by confessing

Newt Gingrich was fighting to save his job as Speaker after admitting, after two years of denials, that he had broken ethics rules of the House of Representatives.

A subcommittee agreed he had brought discredit on the House by using tax-exempt funds for political purposes.

Page 5

£700m millennium project has only weeks to be rescued

BY ARTHUR LEATHLEY
POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

TORY and Labour leaders were warned yesterday that they have only weeks to settle a political battle that threatens to scupper plans for the Millennium Exhibition.

The chief executive who last week resigned from handling the £700 million project issued a clear warning that private companies would reject the scheme unless

there is swift agreement on funding. "The programme is extremely tight. It is going to be necessary for there to be clarity in the first two to three weeks of January," said Barry Hartop, who resigned as chief executive of Millennium Central, the private company charged with setting up the business plan for the exhibition.

He also suggested that the Government had been mistaken in forming a private company to set in place the outline business plan for the exhibition. Business-

es need to know that any losses would be underwritten by the Government before committing themselves to the event, to be held in Greenwich.

Michael Heseltine, the deputy Prime Minister, and Jack Cunningham, Labour's shadow National Heritage Secretary, are wrangling over the details of the underwriting package that is likely to require an extra £200 million of lottery funding. Currently, £200 million is expected to come from the Millennium Commis-

sion, funded by the lottery, £150 million from the private sector and some £350 million from other income, including ticket sales to the enormous domed exhibition which is intended to be the centrepiece of the celebrations.

Roger Freeman, the public service minister, who was given the job of sorting out the BSE beef crisis earlier this year, and Jennifer Page, chief executive of the Millennium Commission, look set to take over the running of the project.

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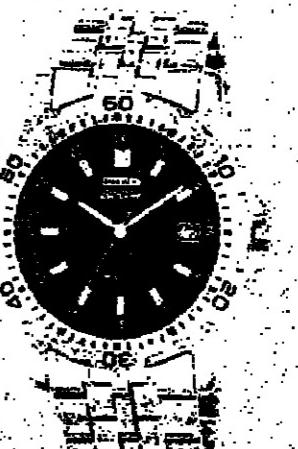
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'Too little time' to prepare for reforms designed to toughen examinations and broaden curriculum

Schools combine in attempt to delay A-level changes

By JOHN O'LEARY
EDUCATION EDITOR

STATE and independent school head teachers have joined forces to demand a postponement of changes to A and AS-level examinations, which ministers hope to implement before the general election.

Reforms designed to toughen up some A levels and broaden the sixth-form curriculum are expected to be approved by Gillian Shephard, the Education and Employment Secretary, in the new year. The new courses are due to begin in 1998, with the first examinations in 2000. However, head

teachers and classroom unions claim that the timetable gives schools too little time to prepare. A joint letter from 11 state and independent sector bodies says: "It would be extremely regrettable if the many beneficial outcomes of the changes to A and AS levels were jeopardised by a hurried start which left many young people seriously disadvantaged."

Concerns about the timing of the changes were raised last month by Professor Denis Lawton, who chairs the Joint Council for the GCSE. In a letter to Sir Ron Dearing, then chairman of the School Curriculum and Assessment Council, he said that exami-

nations boards and teacher organisations favoured a year's delay in implementing the changes to give time for further consultation, avoid confusion over the revised qualifications and ensure that courses were taught successfully.

In a separate initiative, the heads of mathematics in 23 leading independent schools have made the same appeal to the SCAA. The department heads, including those at Cheltenham Ladies College, St Paul's and Westminster, said the proposals would do nothing to improve the quality or supply of mathematicians, and might hinder the process.

The reform package, put forward

by Sir Ron in his report on the 16-19 age group, will alter the structure of A-level courses, introduce new programmes in "core skills" such as information technology and communication, and replace two-year AS levels with more intensive one-year programmes. The basic content of the courses has been agreed, and syllabuses are to be drawn up by next summer.

Although the changes have all-party support, their timing could become a political issue. The move to more demanding qualifications is certain to feature in the Conservative election manifesto and a delay is certain to be discouraged.

David Hart, general secretary of the National Association of Head Teachers, said: "The authority and the politicians would be most unwise to ignore the unanimous view of organisations representing all types of school. It may be that there is a political agenda, which requires us to meet particular deadlines, but this must be sacrificed if it does not fit in with educational considerations."

Mr Hart said the dispute was not over the content of the proposals. "There is real enthusiasm to get on with it but the timetable must be realistic."

The SCAA is expected to finalize its advice to Mrs Shephard early next month. A spokesman said the

authority was unlikely to recommend a delay. "The timetable is acknowledged to be tight but it is achievable and the aim must be to make the necessary changes this century rather than next."

David Blunkett, the Shadow Education and Employment Secretary, has already expressed doubts about the speed of the changes in mathematics.

□ Government advisers yesterday defended the introduction of new national examinations for teenagers who cannot cope with GCSE, which will give candidates credit for writing their own name. Critics accused the SCAA of diluting standards by offering certificates

for worthless achievement. But the authority said it was merely bringing a number of existing courses into a national framework.

The proposed "entry level" qualifications are pitched at a level below that of an average 11-year-old. A recommended reading list for a course in English includes simple picture books and uses extracts from television programmes for coursework.

An SCAA spokesman said: "These qualifications are intended primarily to motivate individuals to continue to learn and achieve, rather than regarding themselves as being written off as complete failures."

Navy withdraws missiles found to have explosive flaw

By A STAFF REPORTER

SIGNIFICANT numbers of the Royal Navy's primary air-to-air missile have been withdrawn because of cracks that could make them explode on firing.

Half the Sidewinder missiles aboard the aircraft carrier HMS *Invincible*, which is on 72 hours' notice to sail to the Adriatic if British troops in Bosnia have to be evacuated, have been found to be dangerous and unusable. The Ministry of Defence has begun negotiations with the Pentagon in an attempt to secure compensation.

Labour demanded an immediate investigation into the problem and called for the urgent examination of other equipment to ensure that vital weapon systems were not affected. David Clark, the shadow defence secretary, said: "Thankfully, these faults have been discovered now and not in a time of war. It is simply unacceptable that some of our most important equipment has been damaged in this way. Our forces need to know they can rely on the equipment they have been provided with."

The cracks were discovered during a periodic X-ray examination

targets the heat emitted by an enemy aircraft engine. Armed with a high explosive warhead, Sidewinder was bought in an arms deal between the Ministry of Defence and the Pentagon.

The first batch of AIM-9L Sidewinders was drawn from stocks in the United States produced by Raytheon and Aerotonics, which is now part of Lockheed Martin. Later batches, which are not affected, were produced in Europe by a consortium of British, Italian, Norwegian and German companies.

Urgent work was underway to replace the damaged missile warheads, a Ministry of Defence spokesman said. "We can confirm that there is a problem with some small holdings of the older Sidewinder missiles," he said. "As a sensible precaution, those affected warheads are being withdrawn and replaced."

He added: "In the meantime, they have been given full safety certification for continued storage afloat."

The RAF said it was aware of the problem with Royal Navy Sidewinders but said it had discovered no similar cracking in its own arsenal.



Eddie Copeland's bomb-damaged car is removed from outside his home in West Belfast yesterday. He suffered leg injuries in the attack

Blast increases tension on mainland

By STEWART TENDLER
CRIME CORRESPONDENT

THE Belfast car bombing could have serious implications for the mainland, the head of Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist branch warned yesterday.

After being briefed by the RUC, Commander John Grieve, head of the branch and national co-ordinator of anti-terrorist operations, said: "We have been saying since the beginning of December that these are dangerous months we are entering. Anything that happens there has significance for us over here. Anything that increases violence and tension in Northern Ireland is significant for us."

Anti-terrorist operations in London and many other parts of Britain are already on high alert. Extra officers are patrolling London and other cities in a strategy of high visibility policing intended to keep the pressure on the terrorists.

Mr Grieve was commenting on the security situation in Belfast as he issued close-circuit television pictures of a man who visited a west London self-storage company shortly before it was raided by an IRA team last month. A trio of raiders attacked the company's unit in Shepherd's Bush, fled up the guard and ransacked 55 units. Police believe they fled with explosives and bomb-making equipment. The man in the picture came to the

company almost 24 hours before the gang struck. He called himself Tommy Hearn and spoke with a London accent. He was 6ft tall and said he was interested in hiring a unit.

Mr Grieve said police were keen to interview the man and that he had been at the company "at a time which is of great significance to us. We would be very interested to hear what he has got to say. We believe he is an important witness. We have spent some time trying to find him and not been able to trace him."

The raid was carried out by two men who were masked and a third who was about 5ft 1in tall and did not wear a mask.



Wanted: Tommy Hearn

Goldsmith links with Unionists in funding deal

By ARTHUR LEATHLEY, POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

ULSTER Unionists will announce today that Sir James Goldsmith, founder of the Referendum Party, is to provide financial backing in a deal that has already provoked divisions in the party. He will fund Unionists to campaign in Westminster and the general election for a broad referendum on Europe.

Even before the deal was formally announced, however, it became clear that the Unionist party's nine MPs are not united behind the alliance, which was agreed between Sir James and the David Trimble, the party leader. John Taylor, deputy leader of the UUP, said he opposed the link and insisted it would have no effect on the way his party operated at Westminster. Despite backing that entail more than £100,000 for the cash-strapped Unionists, Mr Taylor said: "I would advise caution about Goldsmith's Referendum Party. Whatever the immediate temptations may be, Ulster Unionists would be wise to always think of tomorrow."

The reaction of Mr Taylor, the party's European policy spokesman, suggested Mr Trimble had not received full backing from his MPs before arranging the deal. Ken

Magnus, another senior Ulster Unionist MP, said: "I have no knowledge of any pact or deal with any party."

However, Mr Trimble will announce that Jim Nicholson, the only Ulster Unionist Euro-MP, is to join the Europe of Nations political grouping in the European Parliament, a group headed by Sir James, who is a Euro MP.

The alliance increases pressure on John Major as he holds out against demands to stage a referendum on Britain's future relationship with Europe. The Prime Minister, who has promised a referendum on the single currency if the Cabinet approves Britain's entry, again dismissed suggestions that Britain might withdraw from the EU.

In an interview with the *Sunday Programme* on GMTV, Mr Major said: "I would advise caution about Goldsmith's Referendum Party. Whatever the immediate temptations may be, Ulster Unionists would be wise to always think of tomorrow."

The reaction of Mr Taylor, the party's European policy spokesman, suggested Mr Trimble had not received full backing from his MPs before arranging the deal. Ken

Five become No 1 for a spicy Christmas

The Spice Girls claimed the Christmas number one spot yesterday, knocking the Dumblane anti-gun protest song from the top of the pop charts. The five-girl group's record, *2 Become 1*, had been the bookmakers' odds-on favourite for the coveted position and was the fastest-selling release of the year, with 450,000 copies sold in a week.

Madonna came in at number three with *Don't Cry for Me Argentina*, which was also released this week to coincide with the premiere of her film *Evita*.

The Spice Girls also remain at the top of the album chart with their debut record, *Spice*. Only the Beatles, Queen and Cliff Richard have achieved such a double before.

Food-bug detective ill

A detective constable with a Strathclyde Police team investigating the *E. coli* 0157 food-poisoning outbreak, which has claimed 15 lives in central Scotland, is suspected of having contracted the illness, it emerged yesterday. The constable, 39, started showing symptoms last week and went on sick leave to his home in Lanarkshire. Strathclyde Police said: "He is being treated as an outpatient at Monklands District General Hospital."

Bird row mediation offer

The head of one of Britain's privatised water companies has offered to mediate in the dispute between anglers, who have been killing cormorants, and environmentalists. Sir Fred Holliday, chairman of Northumbrian Water, who has just been elected president of the British Trust for Ornithology, claimed an "appreciation of both sides of the argument" but said the law had to be obeyed as long as cormorants remained protected.

University league call

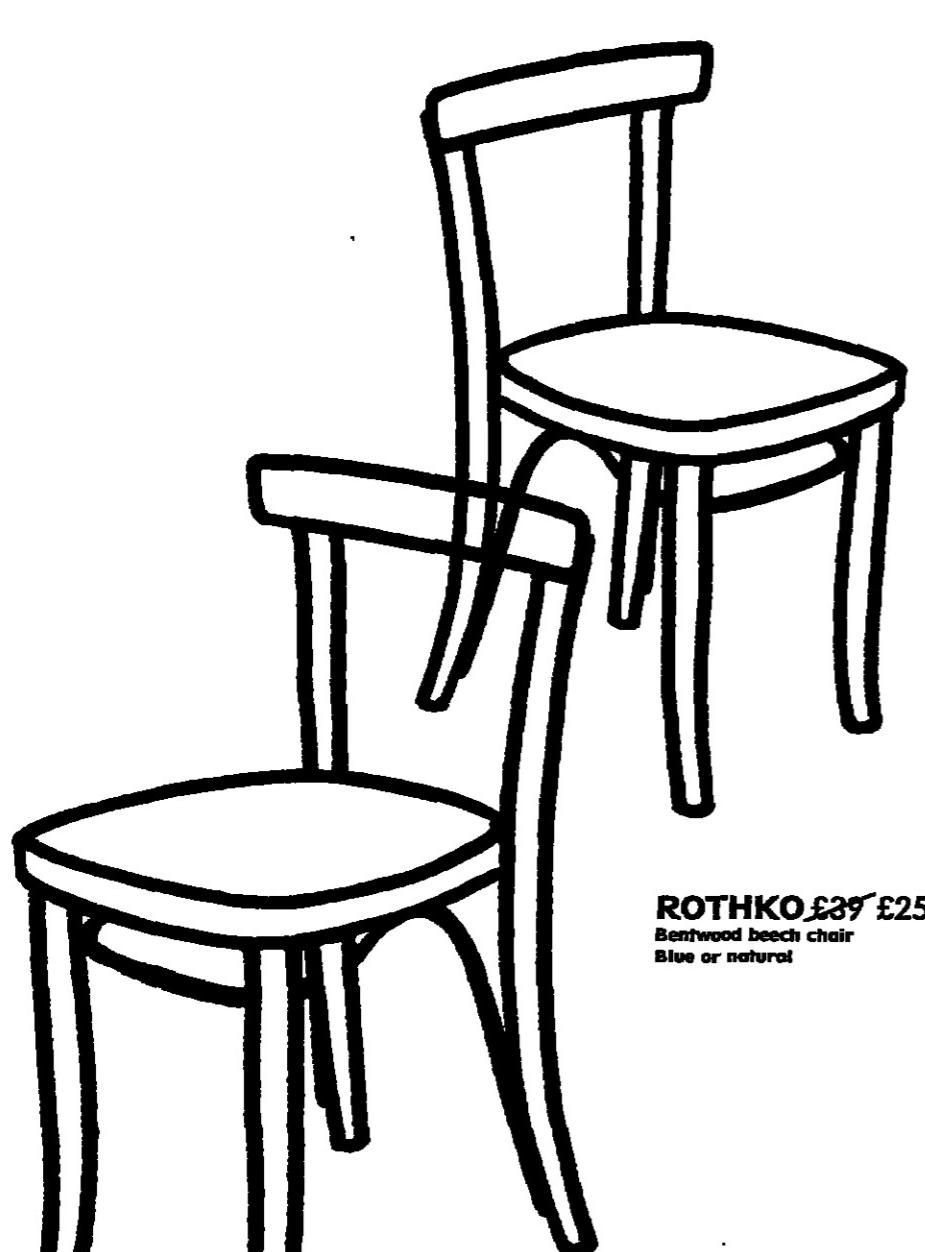
Vice-chancellors of four leading universities called yesterday for the creation of a "premier league" of higher education, which would take the lion's share of government research funds. The heads of Cambridge, Edinburgh and Warwick universities, and University College London said the money must go to channelled towards departments of international excellence if Britain was to compete with other leading research nations.

French attacks linked

French police hunting the killer of the Cornish schoolgirl Caroline Dickinson in a Brittany youth hostel in July are investigating claims that a second British teenager was molested in a seaside town near by on the same night. British police have interviewed the other girl, who told them that she escaped after her classmates awoke and shouted at the intruder.

Lottery winner secret

The £10.3 million National Lottery Christmas jackpot has been claimed, but the ticket holder has decided to avoid publicity. Camelot, the organisers, could not reveal whether the winning ticket was owned by an individual or a syndicate. Twenty tickets matched five numbers plus the bonus ball, winning £15,977 each. Lottery numbers, page 18



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Tory guns are trained on Labour tax plans

By ARTHUR LEATHLEY

TORY ministers will launch a campaign next month to undermine Labour's tax policy and to pre-empt Gordon Brown's long-awaited announcement on taxation.

Amid signs that Labour is preparing to drop its plan to impose a 50p tax on those earning more than £100,000, ministers are to press the Labour leadership to explain how it will meet spending commitments.

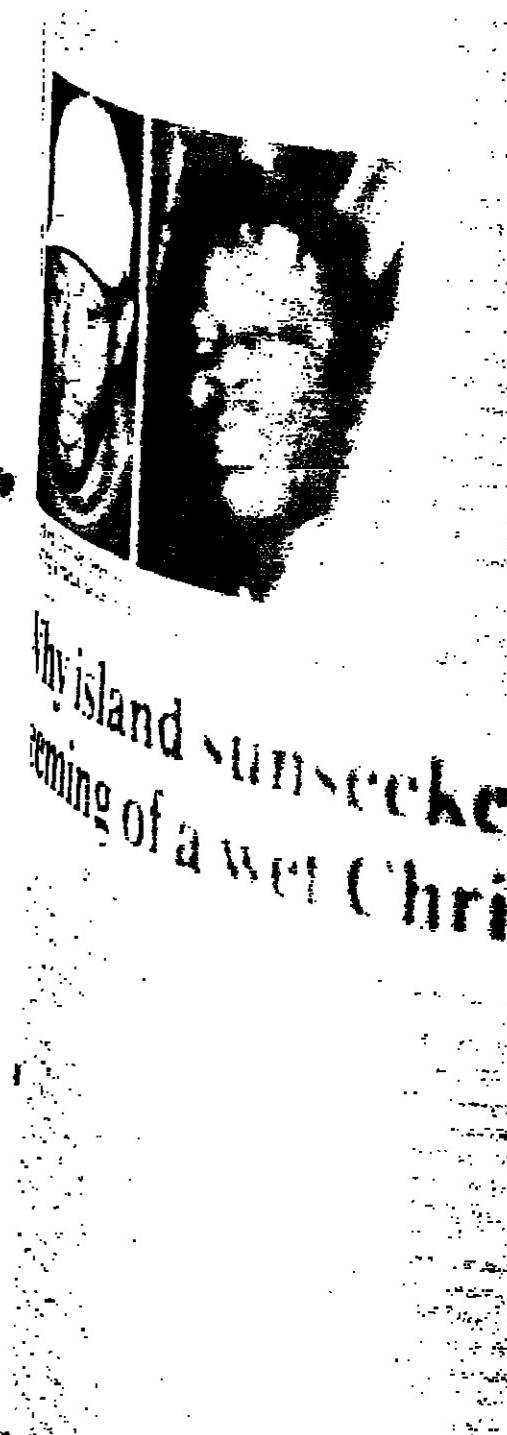
Senior Conservatives are to seize on Labour's delay in spelling out its tax proposals by running a three-week offen-

sive intended to highlight Mr Brown's refusal to give details of his intentions.

The 50p tax plan would raise £1 billion, but Tony Blair is said to be unconvinced that the extra revenue is worth the risk that Tories will use the increase as evidence of Labour's tax-raising intentions.

Senior Labour figures said yesterday that the issue had yet to be finalised and that the Shadow Chancellor would not unveil his proposals until February, rather than January as expected.

Leading article, page 15



A colonel's daughter was the unknowing inspiration behind a new blockbuster film

How Dahl made magic from the real Matilda

BY ALAN HAMILTON

BEHIND the eponymous but fictional heroine of *Matilda*, the newly released film likely to rate highly with young cinema audiences, lies a real-life Matilda who is nothing like her screen persona at all.

On screen, Matilda is a precocious imp who is determined to read books from an early age, despite the advice of her blockhead father that she would be better off congealing in front of the television.

She fairly crackles with such pyrotechnic insults as "You villainous sack of gobsmite" and "You squirming worm of vomit". You know at once, without having to read the credits of the movie that went on general release at the weekend, that *Matilda* is a creature sprung from the imagination of Roald Dahl.

In the real world, Matilda Twickel is a 20-year-old economics student at Newcastle University, rarely says "gobsmite" and is not the daughter of a dodgy Arthur Daley-like character who does up wrecked cars and flogs them to the unsuspecting.

But she did meet the children's author when she was two years old, and a first edition of the *Matilda* stories with a dedication to her on the flyleaf in Dahl's own hand seems proof enough that although he did not borrow her character, he certainly borrowed her name.

Miss Twickel was in the audience at a private showing of the film last week in aid of the Pathfinders charity.



Dahl inscribed a copy of his book to Matilda Twickel; Mara Wilson plays the film role



Founded by the late Group Captain Leonard Cheshire. Her father, a retired Royal Armoured Corps lieutenant-colonel, is associated with the charity. Cheshire and Dahl served as wartime pilots.

Miss Twickel found the film enjoyable but saw nothing of herself in it. She said of

family at their Warwickshire home, where he met baby Matilda and once witnessed her as a tiny bridesmaid at a family wedding.

Colonel Alex Twickel, Matilda's father, said yesterday that Dahl, whom he remembered as a raconteur with a sharp tongue, borrowed his daughter's name, which appealed to him, but there the similarity ended. "The fictional Matilda is very bright, intellectually precocious even, but with quite horrible parents. My younger daughter was not intellectually precocious; she was an ordinary girl who did well at school. As for the parents, I will leave others to judge, but we always encouraged our children to read."

Miss Twickel has an elder sister, Angela, who is reading engineering at Edinburgh University. She has escaped public attention, as Dahl never wrote a series of Angela stories.

The film version is even further removed from reality than Dahl's story, its setting transferred by its Hollywood producers to California and the name part taken by the young American actress Mara Wilson. Miss Twickel's father played — and the film directed — by Danny DeVito, who in looks, speech and background bears about as much resemblance to Colonel Twickel as does the real Matilda to that hideous brat in Dahl's book *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, Miss Veruca Salt.

Which is, in short, none whatsoever.

Review of A Christmas Carol page 13



Miss Twickel: now a 20-year-old economics student, she was two when the children's author met her

Linford Christie brother killed in street stabbing

BY STEWART TENDLER, CRIME CORRESPONDENT

LINFORD CHRISTIE returned to Britain to join his bereaved family yesterday after the death of his younger brother Russell in a stabbing in west London.

Today Simon Williams, 32, unemployed and of no fixed address, will appear at Marylebone Magistrates' Court charged with murder. Russell Christie, 34, was found stabbed and seriously wounded in Notting Hill, and died later in hospital. He had received stab wounds to his neck and was found by police after they were alerted by members of the public to a report of fighting. He died early on Friday morning but there was a delay in identifying him.

Efforts were then made to contact his brother, who was training in Sydney, Australia, with Colin Jackson and other athletes. Mr Christie, 36, one of Britain's most famous and

wealthiest athletes, refused to speak to reporters when he landed at Heathrow yesterday.

But one family friend said: "Linford has not been particularly close to his brother for several years now, even though he still loved him."

"I don't think he liked the way their father was dragged into the trouble in the early 1980s. However, he is an emotional man and is sure to be upset, not only because he was his brother, but also because he will be worried about the effect Russell's death has on their father."

In the early 1980s the family was caught up in a racial conflict. In his autobiography Mr Christie, who rarely speaks of his private life, describes how his younger brother became embroiled in a running feud with some white people in Notting Hill.

He went to his brother's

defence but the problem escalated, with police involvement. On one occasion, police officers raided the family home looking for Russell, and knocked their father unconscious during the search.

Mr Christie's family always believed that his younger brother might have done just as well as him. When Russell was jailed for three years in 1989 for giving his girlfriend a beating, his father said ruefully that he had once been a schoolboy sports star with a great future.

Russell also spent several months on remand in jail accused of an assault of which he was later cleared. Linford said those lost months made his brother "a bitter man".

Russell grew increasingly entangled in trouble spurred by an aggressive temper. Later there were links to drugs such as cocaine.

Russell was jailed in 1989 for trying to break into a car.

In 1994 he was jailed again for attacking a woman. This time he was given three years for slaming the head of his girlfriend Georgina Courtenay against a car window. A police sergeant was also injured. Russell was also given a six-month jail sentence for breaking into a friend's BMW car.

The Christies' mother, Mabel, died last year but their father, James, a former BBC porter, is still alive.



Linford Christie defended his brother Russell, right, during a racial dispute in Notting Hill in the 1980s

Why island sunseekers are teeming of a wet Christmas

BY HARVEY ELLIOTT, TRAVEL CORRESPONDENT

THOUSANDS of holiday-makers who flew to the Canaries in the hope of a sunny Christmas have been greeted with howling gales and torrential rain.

A major Atlantic depression brought miserable weather to Britain's favourite festive get-away islands, and some of the worst conditions in years to parts of North Africa, Spain and Portugal. The north of Tenerife had 23 mm (almost one inch) of rain in 12 hours, and temperatures have fallen to about 55F, 20 degrees below the seasonal norm.

Gales closed some small island airports, flights were diverted from Las Palmas to Tenerife, and a spokesman at Tenerife's southern Reina Sofia airport said: "We are

having a terrible time with the weather. There are long delays and no sign of a let-up."

More than 120mm of rain has swept Gibraltar in the past two days. The depression is expected to return during the week.

The holiday exodus from Britain is continuing: more than 250,000 passengers will have boarded British Airways flights between yesterday and Christmas Day — 11 per cent up on last year. Extra flights have been laid on to cope with the expected 70,000 who will fly within Britain.

Heathrow will handle 750,000 passengers over the five days leading up to Christmas Day. The airport is expecting its busiest ever day on Sunday January 5, when

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Prince's faith earns Carey's blessing

By RUTH GLEDHILL

THE Archbishop of Canterbury yesterday praised the Prince of Wales's commitment to Christianity and the Established Church. Contradicting the verdict of his predecessor, Lord Runcie, Dr George Carey said: "I don't believe that Prince Charles has given up on the Christian faith and certainly not the Church of England."

He praised the Prince for a recent speech in which he argued that the West had much to learn from Islam.

Dr Carey said: "He believes, as I do, that our country must be open to other faiths and we must continue our tradition of hospitality."

Dr Carey, in an interview on GMTV's Sunday programme, referred to Humphrey Carpenter's biography of Lord Runcie serialised by *The Times*. The former Archbishop said in it that the Prince was "disenchanted with the Established Church and "gave up on it" more



The Prince of Wales holding four-month-old Princess Maria-Olympia, granddaughter of the exiled King Constantine of Greece, during her Orthodox baptism in Istanbul yesterday. The Prince is her godfather

than a decade ago. Dr Carey said: "I may therefore be in danger of colliding with my very good friend and predecessor." But he insisted that the Prince was a practising Anglican. "He has got a deep faith, rooted in the Christian faith, and of course I'm quite relaxed about him saying

there are things we can learn from other faiths' traditions. He is also aware there's much that the Christian faith can offer other faith traditions as well."

On the Prince's marital difficulties, Dr Carey told the interviewer, Steve Chalke: "He is a man who

takes faith seriously, who attends worship and someone who has struggled as many people struggle with brokenness in relationships. Therefore it's wrong for you and I to sit in judgment on people who are, as we are, people made in the image of God."

The Archbishop argued strongly against disestablishment. The Church was there for the nation, he said, and its 26 bishops in the House of Lords had made important contributions to recent debates on issues such as the asylum Bill, marriage and housing.

Vicar 'called by God' to heal rift at divided abbey

By RUTH GLEDHILL, RELIGION CORRESPONDENT

A NEW vicar has been appointed to take charge of Selby Abbey, one of England's most spectacular parish churches, where a power struggle between clergy and laity has led to the resignation of three vicars in six years.

Predicant Keith Jukes, team rector of Cannock, Staffordshire, said last night that he had felt "called by God" to the abbey. On the recommendation of the Archbishop of York, Dr David Hope, monks and nuns are being sent there for the first time since the Reformation to help resolve the dispute.

Mr Jukes, 42, married with two children, said: "I am aware of the pastoral difficulties that there have been. I am convinced they will quickly be put behind us. Selby Abbey is a place of major potential and the future looks very good."



Jukes: said future at abbey looked very good

Telephone calls to clergy claiming the abbey was not being properly run. The Rev Peter Dodd, now a hospital chaplain, left in 1993. He said earlier this year: "There were people who by their destructive nature were not supporting what I would regard as the will of God."

The report of the inquiry, headed by Christina Baxter, the Church of England's leading evangelical, described a "dark cloud" hanging over the abbey. Dr Hope recommended that a small community of nuns should be sent in "to nurture the life of prayer in the abbey and to pray for the locality".

Wallenberg gains recognition with statue in London

By ALAN HAMILTON

THE Queen is to unveil a monument in London to Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who saved the lives of thousands of Jews during the Second World War.

Wallenberg was posted to his neutral country's legation in Budapest in 1944, where he saved an estimated 100,000 Hungarian Jews from the death camps by issuing them with false papers. The monument, by the Sussex-based sculptor Philip Jackson, will feature a 9ft bronze statue of Wallenberg against a background of *schutzpass*, the false Swedish papers that provided protection against arrest by the Nazis.

Recent attempts to have Wallenberg given honorary, if posthumous, British citizenship failed, and a request for a statue to be put up in one of the royal parks was turned down on the ground that there was no space. Now, Westminster council has given a piece of ground for the monument in Great Cumberland Place in central London.

Members of the International Council of Christians and Jews, backed by an eight-year campaign by David Amess, Conservative MP for Basildon, have raised £50,000, largely in private and anonymous donations, for the monument. The Government has contributed £15,000.

Wallenberg's fate remains a mystery. When Budapest was occupied by the Red Army in 1945, he was taken to the Soviet Union, possibly under suspicion of being an American spy, and disappeared into the gulags. Many years later, the Soviet authorities said that



Wallenberg: reported to have died in 1947

You can count on another 16 years

By NORMAN HAMMOND, ARCHAEOLOGY CORRESPONDENT

THE universe will come to an end 16 years from today, according to Ancient Mayan mathematical predictions.

The prophecy has been dated to December 23, 2012 based on a widely-accepted correlation between the Christian calendar and the "Long Count" of the Maya of Central America.

A Great Cycle of 5,126 years will come to an end on that day (another scheme would make it two days earlier). The Long Count began in 3114 BC, and consists of 13 *baktunob* of nearly 400 years each. Each day was named and numbered in a 260-day sacred cycle — the product of 20 names and the numbers 1-13 reused until the same combination came round again — and in a 365-day solar year with its 18 months (such as Zip or Mac) of 20 days and a five-day unlucky period called Uayeb.

The number 13 was favourable in Mayan eyes, being the number of layers in the heavens (while nine, the layers of the underworld and the number of Lords of the Night, was ill omen). The present cycle was not, to the Maya, the first creation: their sole surviving epic, the *Popol Vuh*, tells of four earlier

worlds, each unsatisfactory to the creator gods, who destroyed them.

The famous Aztec "Calendar Stone" in Mexico City also attests to four ancient creations and their destruction, indicating that Mayan beliefs were shared across Mesoamerica. The Aztecs, however, calculated in 52-year periods, but lacked the great cycles of time invented by the Maya.

Although even the 3114 BC creation of the present universe lay well before the first Maya farmers settled in Yucatan, their scribes were fascinated by large numbers, and on a monument at the city of Cobá listed a succession of 13-unit periods, which some scholars interpret as ever-longer periods of imaginary time.

The ancient Maya would be awaiting the end of their world with trepidation, if their own civilisation had not collapsed a thousand years ago, with much of the remaining knowledge wiped out by the Spanish conquest five centuries later. They would understand our own millennial concerns, but be surprised that we were planning celebration, rather than propitiation, of our gods.

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shoppers' tastes plus cost of Christ

SIXTY YEARS SINCE

House recalls mine
gas of rubber contam

American import th

expansive pleasure

Family cheer: £34 in 1973, £219 now

Shoppers' tinsel tastes push up cost of Christmas

By ROBIN YOUNG

THE cost of Christmas may seem bigger each year to harassed shoppers, but Britain's oldest seasonal price index shows it has risen little more than the rate of inflation. The average family's cheer this year is six times what it was in 1973, when the index started, compared with general prices up by 5.2 times.

The bill, recalculated by *The Times* each year, is almost £220, nearly 10 per cent up on 1994, when it topped £200 for the first time. The "feel-good" factor may partly be to blame, since some elements in the index suggest shops are offering dearer versions of some staple lines, such as puddings and cakes as customers "trade up".

The index was devised by a Conservative MP who later became minister for consumer affairs and chairman of the National Consumer Council.

When the figures were calculated in 1973 by Baroness Oppenheim-Barnes — then Sally Oppenheim, MP for Gloucester — the cost of providing a married couple and two children with all the items on her list was £34.89½. Mrs Oppenheim claimed in 1977 that under a Labour government the cost of Christmas had doubled since 1973.

Her selection is, though, open to criticism. For example, the turkey apparently goes unstuffed; there is no provision for Christmas boxes to

milkmen, postmen or dustmen, and the family survives the season without a single satsuma or other piece of fresh fruit. They also subsist without wine and drink only one pint of beer while shifting three bottles of spirits.

The Times has nonetheless recast the same items regularly since 1978, revisiting the same north London supermarket. Many things have happened to complicate the calculations. Metrication and changing habits have led manufacturers to abandon no standard sizes of the weights.

This year's version of the 1-lb pudding, for example, is three 227g (1-lb) puddings from the supermarket's standard own-label range. The 1-lb size has followed the 40oz Christmas cake into history. Most puddings in the shop, with such descriptions as "luxury", "comfit" and "extra rich and fruity", are dearer but selling faster.

Where equivalents are no longer available, it is assumed for this year's calculation that the average family will buy the nearest alternative. We were able to find a half-pound (227g) box of chocolates this year; last year, the figure had to be calculated by dividing the cost of a larger pack. But the only Christmas cards remaining in the shop on December 18, when our prices were recorded, were a "luxury" range at £2.99 for boxes of

ten, leading to a leap in the cost of that item.

Being an average family, the hypothetical folk for whom the shopping is being done are not normally given the chance of "luxury" or "premium" qualities where more basic is offered. This year's mince pies, though, are "deep-filled" and on special promotion, reduced from 89p to 65p. The shop had no standard pies on offer.

Turkey, pudding, pies and cake are dearer this year, as are nuts and postage. We saved on Brussels sprouts, potatoes, tree lights (due to the introduction of a shadeless set of 40) and crackers (a new "economy value" box of 12).

The three bottles of spirits, marginally dearer this year, are supermarket's own-labels but 5p smaller than in 1973, when the standard bottle was 75d. To judge by the shelves, most people now buy in litres.

The solitary pint of beer comes from our supermarket, not from Calais or a pub. Even so, the price achieved by extrapolating from the price per 100ml on a multipack, ranged from 54.5p to £2.19, as the supermarket now stocks a variety of premium and extra-strength ales and lagers.

As always, it was possible to buy many of the goods more cheaply from discount stores or market stalls. Toy prices, in particular, vary widely from outlet to outlet, and it has to be doubted whether children would still be content with the meagre choice of games and toys available in our supermarket. None of those priced in 1978 remains on sale in our chosen store, so we priced a fresh selection from those in stock.

The figure we spent on toys is close to the national average per child but is supposed to buy presents for two. Family expenditure on toys, up almost ninefold since 1973, in our survey, has shown one of the more rapid escalations in the list.

The pudding, cake, tree, cards, crackers, gift wrapping and parcel post have increased in price, even more sharply, while the most stable prices in the list are those of the brandy and turkey.

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and turkey.

HOW PRICES HAVE RISEN					
	1973	1993	1994	1995	1996
Turkey, 14lb fresh	£7.05	£19.85	£31.85	£15.25	£16.45
Mince pies, 6	12p	55p	55p	55p	55p
Christmas pudding, 11lb	34p	22.82	22.93	22.84	24.47
Cream tea cake, 40oz	90p	24.20	24.49	24.74	24.74
Brussels sprouts, 1lb	52p	1.45	1.45	1.45	1.45
Potatoes, 5lb	75p	3.00	3.00	2.14	2.75
Kid of chocolates	40p	21.49	21.59	21.89	21.78
Assorted nuts, 1lb	17p	49.99	89p	67p	81p
Christmas tree, 5ft	60p	£18.50	£17.50	£14.95	£14.95
Tree lights	99p	26.95	26.95	27.45	24.95
Tree cracker	80p	1.45	1.45	1.45	1.45
Bottle of gin	92.45	25	25.29	25.74	25.95
Bottle of whisky	52.39	28.95	28.89	28.72	28.95
Bottle of brandy	24.44	28	28.89	28.89	29.75
Pint of beer	19p	69.99	74p	85p	75p
24 Christmas cards	80p	52.48	22.88	21.92	27.18
5 sheets wrapping paper	1p	1.45	1.45	1.45	1.45
Postage, 1st class, 24	84p	.56	.56	.56	.56
Toys and games	£10.25	281.15	289.85	287.55	288
Parcel post, 4x2kg	£1.06	£13	£13.20	£13.20	£13.40
Total	£34.89½	£161.65	£200.45	£205.55	£219.90

Waitrose recalls mince pies over fears of rubber contamination

By MICHAEL HORSNELL

A SECOND supermarket chain has withdrawn thousands of packs of mince pies from sale amid fears that some could be contaminated with small pieces of rubber.

Waitrose issued a public warning this weekend and withdrew stocks of own-brand mince pies at its 115 branches. Customers were asked to return packets of pies with a self-date before January 15 and were offered a refund or an alternative product. The su-

permarket acted after Tesco warned last week that the mince pies in "a few" of its pies could contain rubber from the manufacturing process and began recalling supplies.

The problem was traced to Park Cakes, supplier for both chains, which is investigating the contamination. A spokeswoman for Waitrose, part of the John Lewis Partnership, said the firm had received one complaint from a woman who had discovered rubber in a mince pie. Mince pies now on

sale at Waitrose comprise extra stock from the manufacturer and loose pies from the pâtisserie counters. All are "sound stock".

□ The Tesco products affected were packs of Tesco 6 Iced Top Mince Pies, Tesco 6 Lattice Mince Pies and Tesco 6 Deep Filled Mince Pies (manufacturer's code 0141). Customers who have bought any since November 1 are asked to return them to a Tesco store, where they will be given a refund or a replacement product.

Shopkeepers have been desperately trying to acquire stock of K'nex's biggest construction kits, Rollercoaster and Ball Factory, which retail at £99 each. The producers have been unable to keep up with demand for battery and mains power units for the kits, which sell at prices from £20 to £90.

K'nex appears to be doing to Lego what Lego did to Meccano, the classic British construction kit, when it was first launched in Britain. Meccano was reduced to a mere 5 per cent of the market it had previously dominated. K'nex appears to be doing to Lego what Lego did to Meccano, the classic British construction kit, when it was first launched in Britain. Meccano was reduced to a mere 5 per cent of the market it had previously dominated.

TOY cupboards could soon be filled with millions of redundant Lego bricks as competition from a new source threatens the long-established market leader from Denmark.

K'nex, an American invention introduced here two years ago, is claiming a 41 per cent increase in UK sales this Christmas. According to the latest figures from independent researchers, it has hauled Lego's market share back to 53 per cent from an apparently unchallengeable 84 per cent two years ago.

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Constant shadow of terrorism haunts envoys

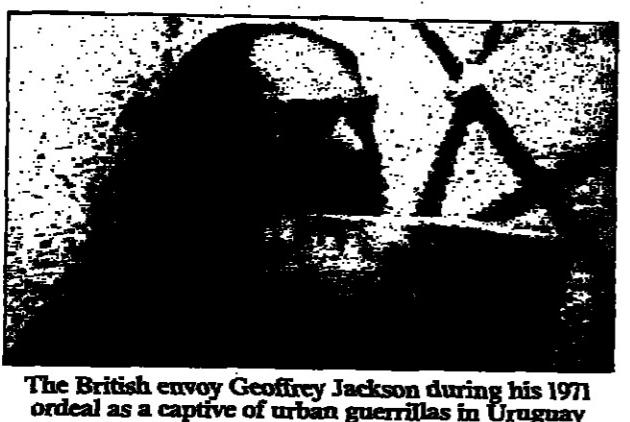
DIPLOMACY is becoming a dangerous job. In the past 20 years, hundreds of diplomats have been assassinated, robbed, mugged, bombed, hijacked and held under duress.

Targets for fanatics, terrorists, asylum-seekers and criminal gangs, diplomats even in "safe" countries must prepare daily for the possibility of attack. Security and survival training are the essential first lessons of all courses preparing young men and women to represent their country.

Mob violence against foreign missions is nothing new and British diplomats have a

long history of sang-froid under attack. When the Red Guards burnt the British Embassy in Peking during the Cultural Revolution, the staff had to run the gauntlet of chanting Chinese trying to block their way to safety. When Indonesians besieged and burnt the British Embassy in Jakarta, Sir Andrew Gilmour, then Ambassador, walked round the flaming buildings playing the bagpipes.

For Britain, the violent new age of personal attacks on diplomats was savagely inaugurated with the kidnapping



The British envoy Geoffrey Jackson during his 1971 ordeal as a captive of urban guerrillas in Uruguay

The once enviable life of diplomats has been made nightmarish by the need to guard against abduction, violence and murder, Michael Binyon writes

of James Cross, Britain's trade representative in Montreal, by Quebec separatists in 1970 and the seizure in 1971 of Geoffrey Jackson, the British Ambassador in Uruguay, who was held by Tupamaro guerrillas in tiny underground cells for eight months.

Since then violence has stalked British embassies. Two ambassadors have been murdered — in Dublin and The Netherlands — and several have been shot at, attacked or threatened.

Edward Chapman, the head of chancery in the rump British Embassy in Tehran, was kidnapped by six armed men in 1987 at a time when there were no diplomatic relations between the two countries. He was forced out of his car, assaulted in front of his wife and child, dragged away and held for 24 hours.

Jack Dodds, a Second Secretary in Pakistan, was among

three European diplomats kidnapped at gunpoint as they drove into southern Afghanistan in 1993. Last year bandits shot Graeme Gibson, a diplomat in Kenya, while stealing his car. He died of his wounds.

Personal violence is a constant threat and this year the Foreign Office gave a warning that more and more countries are becoming unsafe. There has been an increase in violence, especially in Africa and the Third World generally, although random shootings and robbery are a matter for increasing concern also in Russia and East Europe.

All new diplomats are trained in personal security, risk avoidance and how to combat terrorism. The Foreign Office keeps a watchful eye on all risks, including regular intelligence assessments, but does not give the details; to do so would defeat the point of the training. But

all anti-terrorist measures are broadly similar. Like wartime agents parachuted into enemy territory, diplomats are given psychological preparation for a possible ordeal: how to maintain mental stability during days of confinement and tension, how to get a dialogue going with kidnappers, how to avoid provocation and how to safeguard diplomatic and political secrets.

Such training has proved useful, not only when diplomats are taken hostage but also in assisting negotiations to free other British citizens kidnapped abroad. In the past year alone British diplomats have played key roles in negotiating with kidnappers who have seized Britons in Colombia, Indonesia and Kashmir. The tactics and skills of British diplomats, police and anti-terrorism experts are often in demand even in hijackings and sieges when no Britons are involved.

Training for terror, however, is a standard part of all Western diplomacy. Americans, who have suffered the most attacks, now live and work in embassy compounds that have been fortified to become what are hoped to be impregnable citadels. Diplomats must report their movements in advance, and security guards are always on patrol.

The worst spate of diplomatic kidnappings was in the 1970s, when urban guerrillas in Latin America abducted and murdered the German Ambassador to Guatemala, and in Brazil the envoys of America, Germany and Switzerland were seized and traded at a rising exchange rate for political prisoners. The decade ended with the seizure of the entire American Embassy in Tehran, lasting a record-breaking 44 days.

Since then, great efforts have been made by host governments to protect diplomats. Those from countries targeted by terrorist groups — America, Britain, Turkey and Israel, among others — are guarded in high-walled compounds by armed police.

Even in Germany the British Ambassador rarely goes out without a visible police escort in an armoured personnel carrier. Diplomacy has been constrained, but the number of incidents has fallen slowly, at least until the kidnapping in Peru.

Tough Fujimori spurns demands of rebel gunmen

FROM GABRIELLA GAMINI IN LIMA

PRESIDENT FUJIMORI has decided on a tough line with Peru's hostage-taking rebels. In a short weekend speech, he rejected the demands of the terrorists and refused to rule out an armed rescue attempt.

He described the actions of the rebels as "repugnant", but said he was willing to explore a peaceful solution "which does not violate the human rights of the hostages or captors".

About 30 heavily armed members of the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement are holding more than 360 hostages at the Japanese Ambassador's residence in Lima.

The President's message overshadowed an announcement several hours earlier by Nestor Cerpa Carlini, the rebel chief, that he would gradually release hostages not connected to Peru's government in the following hours and days.

In a four-minute speech, Senior Fujimori insisted that the rebels lay down their arms and release all hostages, saying this would be a clear way to prevent "the use of force by the Peruvian state".

"You cannot talk about a peace accord while using terror as the main argument," said the President, who built his political reputation on giving terrorists no quarter and locking them up.

Alluding to rebel demands that he free some 300 of their jailed comrades, he said: "Freeing people who commit murders and terrorist attacks is unacceptable... they want dialogue while putting an AK rifle on the necks of the hostages."

A "non-violent" way out would be possible only if the rebels surrendered their weapons and released the hostages first, he said. "The proposal is concrete: the cap-

tors have to surrender their weapons to a guarantor committee and free all the hostages without exception."

The words, spoken sternly and quickly, were the President's first public statement since the hostage crisis began on Tuesday night.

Hopes of a solution without bloodshed faded further with a radio message from the rebel leader Cerpa, alias Comandante Evaristo, who said his men would lay down their arms only when some of their demands were met — especially that hundreds of their imprisoned comrades should be released from Peruvian jails.

Japan and Peru seem to be ironing out earlier differences over how to handle the crisis. The Japanese Prime Minister, Ryutaro Hashimoto, said he backs President Fujimori's firm line. "I want to make clear that the Government supports the proposals in [President Fujimori's] message," said Mr Hashimoto.

Yesterday he recalled his Foreign Minister, Yukihiko Ikeda, who has been in Lima since Thursday night, seemingly urging a more conciliatory attitude towards the rebels.

Senior Fujimori's "tough talk", however, raises growing fears for the lives of the hostages. His Foreign Minister, Francisco Tudela, who is among the hostages, pleaded for "negotiations" in a radio link-up that was aired on television on Saturday. He urged for "some kind of direct communication between the Government and the gun-

men", indicating despair at the deadlock in talks.

The Japanese Ambassador, Morihisa Aoki, echoed these worries and also spoke on the radio. "There are many seriously sick people in here. We are living in atrocious conditions," he said in a shaky voice. "It is indispensable that the Peruvian Government and the MRTA [Tupac Amaru] begin negotiations that ensure a peaceful end."

The first television pictures taken inside the building show the hostages crammed into rooms but seemingly calm, playing cards. It also appears that the Peruvian politicians are separated from the foreign dignitaries.

But what seems most worrying is the rebels' determination. "These people are trained to die for the cause," said a former member of the group.

A group of hostages wait together in this picture shown yesterday on Lima's Channel 5 television

Opposition to 'shadow' Milosevic

Belgrade: Serbian opposition leaders yesterday unveiled shadow governments for dozens of municipalities in their campaign against President Milosevic.

Shortly after the Union of Free Cities and Municipalities of Serbia was formed, about 100,000 protesters began marching through Belgrade. It was the thirty-third consecutive day of demonstrations against Mr Milosevic and his decision to annul election results in dozens of towns and cities won by the opposition.

Heavy rain did not appear to dampen the spirit of the protesters, who jeered and booed as they marched by the state television building to show their displeasure at its pro-Milosevic bias.

In Srederovo, southeast of the capital, officials of Mr Milosevic's Socialist Party convened another demonstration in his support. (AP)

China's blunt instrument faces Patten with death of 1,000 cuts

FROM JONATHAN MURRAY IN HONG KONG

THERE are now two governments in Hong Kong, one real and one shadow. The question is, which is which? And in the months leading up to the transfer of sovereignty, will Chris Patten, the Governor, be subjected to the political version of the Chinese death by a thousand cuts?

China's handicapped Selection Committee on Saturday chose the 60 members of the provisional legislature which is to replace the present elected Legislative Council on July 1. China had previously appointed Tung Chee-hwa as the Chief Executive to replace Mr Patten.

Thirty-three members of the provisional council are already members of the Legislative Council. Ten others were defeated in the December elections for the council, which is dominated by democrats and independents. Peking dismissed those elections as violating treaty agreements with Britain.

The provisional council will start meeting and passing laws at once, including legislation dealing with secession and dismembering the Bill of Rights, notably guarantees of the freedom of the press and assembly. Although such laws will not come onto the books officially until July 1, their effect will be felt long before then.

At the meeting, to be held this afternoon at the Governor's residence which is likely to become a "museum of col-

lective-led, much less political, devoted to stability", and will encourage "obligations rather than individual rights".

Mr Tung was a member of Mr Patten's Executive Council until June, when he resigned to prepare to take over as Chief Executive. Until then, Mr Patten and his spokesmen had declared that it was up to Mr Tung, already identified as Peking's man, to decide when it was "no longer appropriate for him to serve in the council". Two other members of the Executive Council, Vincent Cheng and Raymond Chien, were appointed by Peking to the selection committee.

A senior official said: "If Mr Patten started firing all the

provisional council as 'an echo chamber' and ordered his officials to avoid it. But

Mr Tung says that the present government should face reality and co-operate with the new chamber.

Mr Tung will soon appoint his own Executive Council and senior officials who, he acknowledges, will be ratified in Peking. He says his administration will be strongly "ex-

ecutive-led, much less political, devoted to stability", and will encourage "obligations rather than individual rights".

On Saturday, after the selection of the provisional council, Mr Patten went on local radio and, in a voice of barely controlled rage, said that, whereas more than one million people voted for the Legislative Council, Peking's new legislature had been "elected" by 400 people.

Six die as raid ends jail siege

Dhaka: About 4,000 paramilitaries and armed police stormed a high-security jail in Jessore, western Bangladesh, to end a week-long siege by prisoners demanding an amnesty. (Ahmed Fazl wires)

The operation began at dawn, when bulldozers knocked down barricades put up by an estimated 2,700 prisoners. At least six people were killed and hundreds injured. Hospital sources said many of the injured could die.

This year a candle-lit vigil

was held by tens of thousands of demonstrators in Hong Kong's vast Victoria Park. Qian Qichen, the Chinese Foreign Minister, has said a repeat will not be permitted after the handover. Mr Patten says it will be allowed in 1997.

Senior Chinese officials, who invariably snub Mr Patten when they visit here, will be arriving in increasing numbers in coming months.

They will be received by Mr Tung. Foreign dignitaries, too, while punctilious about calling on Mr Patten, will linger longer with the Chief Executive. Winston Lord, the US Assistant Secretary of State, did this recently, even before Mr Tung's formal appointment in Peking, explaining that his Shanghai-born wife and the Shanghai-born Mr Tung are old friends.

Soon no one will make such excuses.

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Mr Patten has decided the

Seasonal lesson in how to fight hysteria with historical correctness

If you have been helping a son or daughter with a Christmas quiz and the questions covered history, I'm willing to bet that none tested knowledge of Belarus, the Baltics or Bulgaria. The odds are that few will have mentioned continental Europe.

Britain's postwar school curriculum has been stubbornly resistant to the idea of Britain's entanglement with the rest of Europe. To see this as a defect and disadvantage has nothing to do with well-worn rows over the European Union: we have to know more about Europe irrespective of what happens between Britain and its neighbours in the coming decades. The



need to teach more on Europe than they currently do. Nick Tate, the Government's curriculum chief, has taken a lot of brickbats for insisting that children learn enough British history to give them a clear sense of identity and for failing to insist on a "European dimension". Next month, he will defend his views at a seminar in London organised by the Federal Trust.

The root of the problem lies in the idea that "British" and "European" history are rivals: no British child will acquire much sense of identity without a European dimension. The question is what sort. The word "dimension" always rings

alarm bells in my mind: scholarship about to give way to special pleading. One of the Federal Trust's current projects, financed by the European Commission, aims to persuade schools to mount mock elections to the European Parliament in the summer of 1999 as part of children's education as "citizens of Europe".

This kind of propagandistic "education" gives the idea of learning about Europe a bad name. The project is directed by Frances Morrell, former adviser to Tony Benn and ex-leader of the defunct Inner London Education Authority, who is also urging the next government to write

Europe into the next version of the National Curriculum, due out in 2000.

Ms Morrell's general case for more learning about Europe is unimpeachable, but she has in mind telling pupils about the wonders of EU Europe.

She can point to a 1988 ministerial agreement adopted by Kenneth Baker, then the Education Secretary, among others, that schools would "prepare young people to take part... in making concrete progress towards European Union." To fend off this kind of rubbish (and lumpy English), schools need to show they are

not neglecting wider European history simply out of bad habit. Norman Davies, author of the first exciting single-volume history of Europe published here since the 1930s, energetically denounces these ingrained biases.

"Our children aren't taught in a way that gives them any vision of what Europe is," he says.

To focus his readers' minds, Professor Davies has turned the maps sideways in his book: Western EU Europe perches on the tip on the vast hinterland of western Russia, Ukraine, Poland and the Balkans. They can't see quite simple things like the fact that Budapest, Sofia and

Warsaw are not only in Europe, but that they aren't even on its fringe."

He adds: "If everybody's back is turned, teachers soon pick this up and pass it on. There's no attempt to establish a body of knowledge which makes them aware." It is the body of

knowledge, of course, which is the snag. French historians have been active organisers and writers of "joint", multilingual histories of Europe which, to no one's great surprise, turn out to see European unification along French lines as historically necessary, and inevitable.

none has been a best-seller. But children can roam more widely without pasteurised Euro-books. If Lord Tebbit read more history, he would not hang on about "a thousand years of the British parliament", when the Act of Union with Scotland only dates from 1707.

Here is a quiz question prompted by reading Professor Davies's appendix on the rise and fall of European states. Which European state has the longest unbroken history, founded in 1278?

**Europe: A History*, Oxford University Press, £25.

GEORGE BROCK

Yeltsin prepares to purge 'slackers' on return to Kremlin

FROM RICHARD BRESTON IN MOSCOW

FOR the first time in nearly five months, President Yeltsin's motorcade will today sweep through the centre of Moscow and into the Kremlin, as the Russian leader belatedly begins his second term in office.

While many Russians will greet his return to power as an important step towards stability, others in his ruling circle will have good cause to regard the re-emergence of President Yeltsin on the political stage with trepidation.

Throughout his five years in power, the Russian leader has marked turning points in his career with sweeping personnel changes, and the signs are that a reshuffle is imminent to demonstrate both at home and abroad that President Yeltsin is back in charge.

On Friday, during a seven-minute televised interview, the Russian leader said that he planned to make a full assessment of how his ministers and aides performed in his absence and vowed to take to task any "slackers".

The euphoria after elections and my absence caused certain officials to relax," the Russian leader said. "If any of them hopes it will continue like this, they are dead wrong.

"We will make calls on everybody — no one will be allowed to rest on their laurels," he said. "We will part with those who dare not show their faces in public."

Russian commentators have speculated that the figure most at risk is Anatoli Chubais, the young technocrat who runs the presidential administration. His power and influence during President Yeltsin's absence earned him the title of "regent" and made him one of the most hated figures in the country.

Another likely beneficiary of President Yeltsin's return to office is Tatyana Dyachenko, the Kremlin leader's younger daughter. According to Georgi Satarov, a presidential political adviser, Mrs Dyachenko could become the Kremlin's Chief Press Officer.

Elsewhere in the former Soviet Union, hundreds of thousands of separatists in Moldova's breakaway republic of Trans-Dniestr went to the polls yesterday to elect a President. In the latest sign of defiance against the authorities in Kishinev, Igor Smirnov, the incumbent, appeared to be headed for a comfortable re-election win over Vladimir Malakhov, a local manager.

On the one hand, Yeltsin has an interest in keeping Chubais in office as a competent and hard-working person. On the other hand, the President is known to dislike people who can present a challenge to his authority," wrote Tatyana Malkina, the Kremlin correspondent of the daily *Segodnya* newspaper.

However, other figures responsible for the recent crisis over uncollected and unpaid taxes may also be in the firing line, among them Yevgeni Yasin, the Economy Minister.

Yasin, the Economy Minister, (Reuters)



The film star Sophia Loren at yesterday's civic ceremony in Rome, at which thousands, below, paid their respects to the actor Marcello Mastroianni

Rome bids a sad farewell to loved son Mastroianni

FROM JOHN PHILLIPS IN ROME

ROME bade a tearful farewell yesterday to Marcello Mastroianni, the actor who personified the quintessential Latin lover of the 1960s *dolce vita* era. At a moving civic ceremony in Campidoglio Square, the women in his life set aside their differences to mourn their common love, who died in Paris on Thursday of pancreatic cancer.

"This is one of the saddest days of my life," said a sobbing Sophia Loren. "I spent 20 years making films with him and Vittorio di Sica [the director]. So one could say that my youth has died with Marcello." At Signora Loren's side and also weeping was Flora Carabella, the actor's wife.

Both women were comforted by Francesco Rutelli, the Mayor of Rome, as the screen idol's simple coffin was carried from the square on its way to the city's Verano cemetery. As the service, attended by thousands of people, ended, the haunting music from the film *8½*, directed by Federico Fellini, echoed across the square under a bright winter sun.

On Saturday at least 15,000 people, led by President Scalfaro, filed past the coffin in the Campidoglio Palace to pay their respects to the 72-year-old actor. The tributes continued for three hours before yesterday's service, with Alberto Sordi, the veteran comic actor, and Signora Loren, wearing a green and scarlet scarf over a black dress, among the last to lay flowers. By then the coffin was wholly covered in flowers.

Describing the actor as "the king of the common people" because of his tough childhood in a Rome suburb, *Il Messaggero* said that the lack of friction between his "harem" of women was "the last miracle of a *dolce vita*".

The women in the actor's life had agreed that one of his greatest loves, Catherine

Deneuve (whom he always called "Caterina"), should arrange the Roman Catholic funeral held for him in a chic Parisian church last week. Anna Maria Tata, his last companion, also attended that ceremony.

"With his violent passions, shared with Faye Dunaway, Marthe Keller and the other women, Mastroianni had a hectic romantic, and therefore very much envied, life," said *Il Messaggero*. "He set up different families and loved, and was loved, by the most interesting women in the world."

Signor Mastroianni always refused to end his troubled marriage to Flora. "I have no wish to divorce, not because I regard marriage as a sacrament, but because I see divorce as a great pain," he said.

In the wake of his death, the Roman press has wondered if the actor, renowned for his generosity to the many women in his life, had left money to any of them or if he had even made a will.

In 1960s the profligate spending of Signor Mastroianni was legendary. After the success of *La Dolce Vita*, he continued to play the part of the playboy, driving around Rome in Ferraris and Maseratis.

In 1966 he bought a sprawling villa on the Via Appia Antica, the Roman consular road, and subsequently also acquired properties at Lucca and Castiglioncello.

Between 1968 and 1974 his generosity to Mme Deneuve and to Ms Dunaway was reported to be unbounded. He also did his best for his daughters, Barbara, whom he had by Flora, and Chiara, the daughter of Mme Deneuve.

"He had to think about too many people," *Il Messaggero* said. "Marcello used to say that women had given him a great deal but that some of them also had asked for a lot in return."

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Farmers lift barricades in Greece

Athens: Militant farmers yesterday lifted their road and rail blockades which had crippled Greece and let land transport move freely for the first time in 24 days.

It was a big victory for Costas Simitis, the Prime Minister, who had refused to yield to the farmers' demands.

The barricades, made up of thousands of tractors, had caused transport chaos and inflicted more than \$60 million damage on the economy. Within hours of the decision to call off the protest — by the main farmers' committee in Thessaly — long stretches of motorways looked like abandoned refugee camps. Clean-up crews moved in to clear the mess.

The farmers said the decision was a seasonal gesture to the Greek public which had supported them throughout their struggle. They had wanted lower fuel prices, higher price supports, lower VAT on equipment and the rescheduling of £780 million in debts. (Reuters)

Defections by 11 MPs blight hopes of 'dictatorial' Dini

FROM JOHN PHILLIPS IN ROME

THE ambition of Lamberto Dini, the Italian Foreign Minister, to become Prime Minister again hit a snag yesterday after 11 renegade MPs angrily resigned from his party Rinnovamento Italiano (Italian Renewal), complaining bitterly of his "dictatorial tendencies".

Signor Dini founded the political grouping to contest the general election held in April and it was crucial in the victory of the centre-left Olive Tree alliance headed by Romano Prodi, the Prime Minister. However, on Saturday a meeting of the party's 25 members of the Chamber of Deputies, the lower house of parliament, became acrimonious as seven former Socialist Party members, headed by Enrico Boselli, declined to serve any longer under the leadership of Signor Dini.

Also deeply dissatisfied with the leadership of *Il Rosso* (the Toad), as Signor Dini is known to the Italian press, were three members of the

Forza Italia party. However, he threw in his lot with the Left this year, on the ground that he was concerned by the activities of Gianfranco Fini, the "post-Fascist" National Alliance leader.

The parliament yesterday approved the Government's 1997 austerity budget, drawn up in a last-gasp effort to prepare for the launch of the single European currency. The package, which aims to slash £25 million from next year's projected deficit, was passed by the lower house of parliament by 316 votes to two, with two abstentions.

Christ's millions: Italy's parliament has approved a Bill granting about £1.4 billion to projects in Rome to mark the 2,000th anniversary of Christ's birth, parliamentary sources said. The decision was keenly awaited by those involved in preparations for the celebrations, when about 40 million pilgrims and tourists are expected in the city for the holy year. (AFP)

on achieving a rating of 5, the highest band, in the HEFCE Research Assessment Exercise 1996 and look forward to helping develop both as international centres for implantology in London.

Drinks on £180m Fat One at Costa Blanca bar

FROM EDWARD OWEN
IN MADRID

HYSTERIC screens erupted at Bar Miguelin a poor suburb of Valencia on Spain's Costa Blanca yesterday. Number 56169, which clients had shared in *El Gordo* (the Fat One), the world's biggest state-run cash lottery, had just been declared the winner of the top £180 million prize. Their share of the winnings was £15 million. They had stuck resolutely to the same number for four years for the twice-weekly state lottery draws. Clients

found that the 500 pesetas (£2.38p) tickets they had bought from the bar owner, Miguel Ortiz, were going to pay out at 10,000-1. One man found he was worth £2.38 million.

Within minutes the Valencia street was packed with revellers. If there was mayhem at Miguelin's bar, there was less physical, but equal delight, down the road at the old folk's club. Here the Association of Pensioners was also a winner, as were stallholders at Valencia's central market. *El Gordo* paid out a total of £800 million in prizes from Menorca, to the

Canary Islands. Spaniards had invested more than £30 each. It took three hours yesterday morning for the boys and girls of San Ildefonso Orphanage in Madrid to chant out the hundreds of numbers and their corresponding prizes.

□ Flood havoc: Torrential rain added to flood havoc in southern Spain yesterday after a week of downpours. About 50 roads were closed and two rail lines cut. A child of two and a 42-year-old were killed in León, northwest Spain, when their bus skidded in rain and hit a truck. Three other passengers were hurt.

Confession by Gingrich threatens job as Speaker

FROM IAN BRODIE IN WASHINGTON

NEWT GINGRICH was fighting to save his job as Speaker last night after his stunning confession, following two years of denials, that he had broken ethics rules of the House of Representatives.

In a statement, Mr Gingrich admitted to having "brought down on the people's House a controversy which could weaken the faith people have in their government". An ethics subcommittee concurred, saying he had brought discredit on the House by failing to seek legal advice before using tax-exempt funds for political purposes and by then providing the committee with "inaccurate, incomplete and unreliable information" about the money.

Mr Gingrich agreed that false statements were given to the committee over his signature. "I accept responsibility for this and I deeply regret it," he said. He had sought no personal gain, but "clearly I wish this had not happened."

These were words of extraordinary contrition for the man who led the Republican takeover of the House two years ago with swaggering self-confidence. Recalling how he had hoped to inspire Americans to take control of their destiny, he conceded: "I was over-confident and, in some ways, naive."

His political foes were making much of the fact that Mr Gingrich inspired the ethics charges that brought down another Speaker, Jim Wright, a Democrat, who was forced to resign in 1989 over charges of using the office to enrich himself.

The question now is whether the humility of Mr Gingrich will be enough. His allies in the Republican leadership swung into damage control yesterday, urging his re-election when the new House votes for a Speaker on January 7. They claimed to be confident of victory, which will require a vote of 218 of 227 House Republicans.

The committee faulted Mr Gingrich for not seeking legal advice about the legality of the tax-exempt financing for political activity. Tax lawyers told the committee they would have advised against it. Mr Gingrich agreed he had been careless and wrong not to seek legal counsel to ensure compliance with the law.

The committee also found it was misled by two letters by and on behalf of Mr Gingrich falsely denying that Mr Gingrich's political action committee was connected with the college course when its officials developed and administered it.

Onassis will falls short of estimates

NEW YORK: The children of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis will almost certainly not set up a planned charitable trust with their inheritance because their mother's estate is worth far less than originally thought at the time of her death in 1994 (James Bone writes).

In court documents, the former First Lady's executors have valued her estate — widely believed to have exceeded \$100 million (£60 million) — at just \$43.7 million. Mrs Kennedy Onassis made provision for the creation of a tax-free trust named after her two children, that would make annual donations to charity for 24 years before passing the money to her grandchildren.

After distributing property to the children, making bequests and paying expenses, the estate has \$18 million left, but owes \$23 million in death duties. The children are liable for the shortfall.



Onassis' children owe \$5 million death duties

Islamic hardliners test tolerance of Morocco

FROM TUNKU VARADARAJAN IN MARRAKESH

ISLAMIC fundamentalism is making clear strides in Morocco, the one North African country to have resisted its advance so far.

Young religious radicals, watched over keenly by the Moroccan authorities and muzzled by no-nonsense laws, are resorting to guileless ways to spread their message, now focused on women.

Female "moralists", unable to proselytise openly for fear of arrest, have targeted *hamams* — segregated public baths — preaching to fellow customers the virtues of the veil, the evils of Western ways and the urgent need for a state governed by Sharic (Islamic law). The authorities have taken increasingly to posting policemen at *hamams*, but their ranks are not extensive enough to counter this new phenomenon.

Yet for all its apprehension, the Moroccan Government is better placed than any other in the region to keep Islamic fundamentalism in check.

Unlike in neighbouring Algeria, riven by bloody civil war, Islam has always enjoyed considerable breathing space in Morocco. King Hassan, whose dynasty boasts direct descent from the family of the Prophet Muhammad, has used his status as Emir al-Muminin (Commander of the Faithful) to masterfully effect, appropriating Islamic imagery for use in official rhetoric. Now in the 35th year of his reign, the King has never advocated the kind of relentless secularism which has

reaped such a backlash in Algeria and, to a lesser extent, in Tunisia and Egypt. He is not unduly paranoid in his approach to fundamentalist parties, and has even described their members as "basically good people who are devout Muslims". Showing all the strategic sense of a consummate survivor, he has won divisions among the main Islamic parties by offering political legitimacy in exchange for an oath of allegiance to the monarchy.

The second largest Islamic party, al-Islah wa Tajdid (Reform and Renovation), has accepted the King's overtures.

Its leader, Abdellah Benkirane, 42, a former physics teacher, said recently: "Morocco's monarchy has Islamic legitimacy, and is both our social arbiter and the cement for national unity." Wags in Rabat, the capital, joked that King Hassan himself could not have written a better script.

Paris: Algerian rebels die in farm lair

Paris: Algerian rebels killed 18 Muslim rebels when they stormed a house by suspected guerrillas underneath some greenhouses on a farm south of here, an Algerian newspaper said yesterday. The French-language *Liberté* said they were believed to be a splinter faction from the Armed Islamic Group. (Reuters)

Rock cafés duel for limelight in Beirut

FROM NICHOLAS BLANDFORD
IN BEIRUT

SIX years after Lebanon's warring militias hung up their guns, the battles now being fought on the streets of Beirut are between international fast-food restaurants desperate to attract the thousands of affluent young Lebanese who returned from the West at the end of the 16-year civil war.

The latest conflict is being fought between two rival hard rock cafés. The original Hard Rock Café, owned by the Rank Organisation, opened for business

yesterday but was preceded by a rival Canadian chain, which opened its version last month. While both restaurants sport the same name and similar logos and are replete with rock 'n' roll memorabilia, Marwan Shehadeh, of Rockafill, the franchisee of the London-based restaurant, played down any resemblance. The new Hard Rock Café has a 45ft high guitar made from 25,000 light bulbs hanging on the outside of the building. Mr Shehadeh says: "It will be the first sight of Beirut for all planes landing at the airport."

Certainly some of Beirut's young

swingers are looking forward to gazing at the restaurant's rock memorabilia that include a leather jacket which once belonged to Madonna and the handwritten lyrics to John Lennon's *Imagine*.

Both cafés face competition. Names such as The Lone Star Café, Henry J. Bean's, Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken, the Baskin Robbins Ice Cream Parlour and Shrimpy, the US-owned seafood chain, have opened in the last three years and attract youngsters emulating the lifestyles they left in the West. The latest to arrive is Planet Hollywood, the first in the Middle East.



Nazarenes walking through the souk of the town where Jesus grew up. Vendors compete to sell souvenirs to a diminishing number of pilgrims

Donkey work is now shifting rubbish in squalid town of Jesus

FROM CHRISTOPHER WALKER IN NAZARETH

WERE Joseph and Mary to make the Christmas journey today, they would find immigrants from the former Soviet Union in the donkey market and Russian prostitutes being touted in the hotel named after the archangel Gabriel.

The insignificant Galilee village in which Jesus grew up almost 2,000 years ago is today the largest Arab town in Israel with a population of 60,000. Of those, at least 60 per cent are Muslims.

A further 60,000 Israelis, many from the former Soviet republics, live in Nazareth or Upper Nazareth, a Jewish development town whose functional architecture is anything but biblical. It was built on land that Arabs claim was seized by Jews to form a barrier between Nazareth proper and other Arab villages to the northeast.

According to the Israel Tourist Information Office, which sits among the blow-up Santas and tasteless decorations (including a Father Christmas rug in Palestine Liberation Organisation colours) with which the Arab shopkeepers try to extract money from a dwindling number of pilgrims, there are no donkeys left for hire in Nazareth.

Many donkeys are still to be found in the town, but all are used by the municipality to collect rubbish from the narrow, winding streets of the Old City above the Church of the Annunciation.

"There are 20 collectors working with the donkeys and all are from the former Soviet Union," said Andrei, from the Ukraine. "Even the Arabs refuse to do this demeaning kind of work now and we are the only ones who will do it." He used to be a photographer. Among other members of the donkey squad are a former ballet star from Uzbekistan who won the title "Hero of the Soviet Union", and Yacov, a former truck driver from Belarus.

Although animal rights campaigners are agitating to have the donkeys replaced by

vehicles, Arab residents are sceptical. "This city has been neglected for so long financially by the Jews that we do not expect a rapid change," said Bishop Rish Abu el-Assal, the leading Anglican charchman.

Andre, although a Christian — as are at least a third of the 700,000 immigrants who have arrived in Israel since the collapse of communism — was unmoved by the religious associations of Nazareth, where Jesus is reputed to have spent 28 years, despite a \$100 million (£62 million) refurbishment programme now under way for millennium celebrations.

"It is dirty and a dump, without decent work for its inhabitants or even pleasant buildings," he complained. "My wife is Jewish, but we are hoping to leave for Budapest where I will start a proper job as a taxi driver. At least there the people treat me with some respect."

Close to the stinking stable where the donkeys are housed is the former "Carpenters' Quarter". This area is in decline as craftsmen

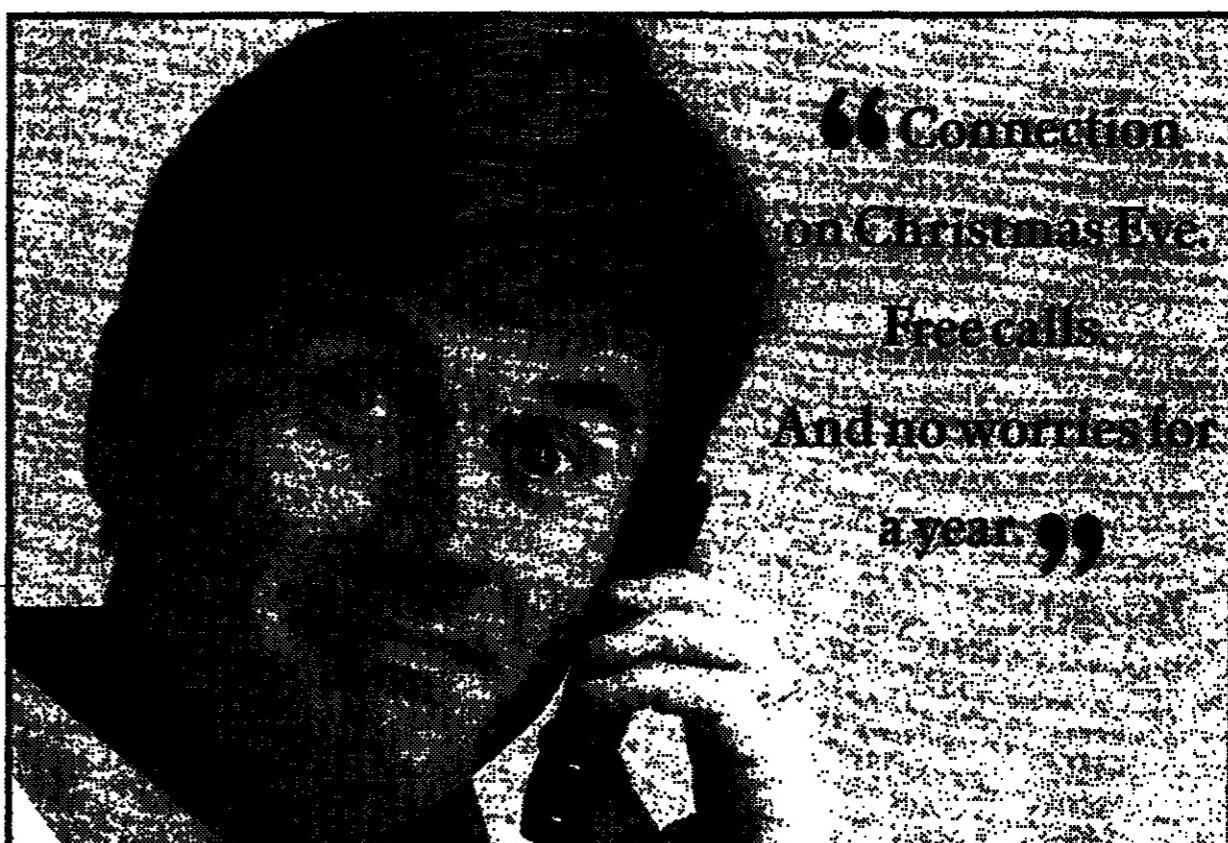
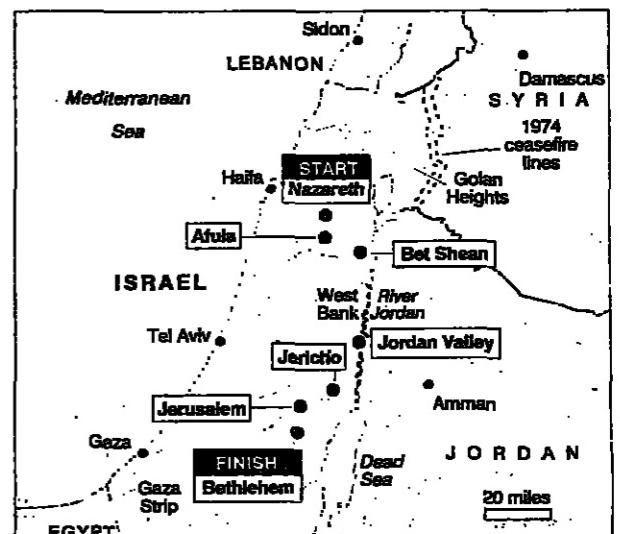
have moved away from Nazareth's traffic jams or joined the continuing exodus of Arab Christians from the Holy Land. The bishop estimates they now form 15 per cent of the population.

Ashad Abu Nahle, 42, is the owner of one of only four carpentry shops where until a few years ago there were 30. Last Christmas, he and his wife and their three children made the journey to Bethlehem. "In Joseph's time, it would have taken at least six days, with Mary riding on a donkey," he said. "We went in a Fiat Punto and it took less than four hours."

Amid the urban sprawl of modern Nazareth, new temptations face those pilgrims who have braved the threat of Jewish-Arab violence to visit the spot where, according to Luke, the archangel Gabriel appeared before Mary and told her: "You will conceive and bring forth a son and call him Jesus."

In the bar of the St Gabriel Hotel, Albert, the Israeli Arab in charge of organising Christmas festivities, leaned over and whispered: "I have six Russian girls in Upper Nazareth. If you are interested, I will drive you over — it is a service for special guests."

This is the first in a series on a journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem by The Times Middle East correspondent.



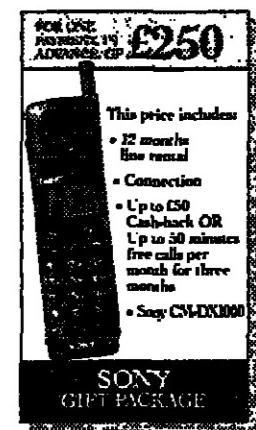
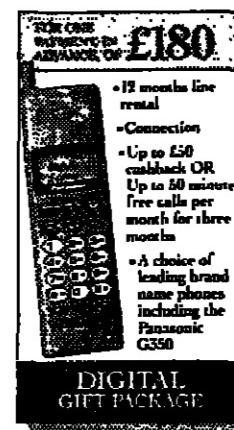
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Joe Joseph orders a suit from Savile Row via Shanghai; Jane Shilling hasn't a thing to put on

Taking the measure of the man

Just because clothes say a lot about a man, don't rush to false conclusions. For example, when you look at most men strolling along the street — jacket slightly too tight, trousers so short that they look as if they're recoupling with embarrassment from those scuffed shoes below, white shirt collar Tipped to mask yesterday's sweat stains — it is easy to assume that took them all of six minutes to get dressed that morning. But if you bothered to stop and ask them, you'd discover that it took only three minutes.

There is an important scientific message hidden in here concerning how we men hypothesise about our appearance. We hypothesise that wearing an anonymous navy business suit ensures that, no matter which navy business suit we choose, we will look (a) much the same, and (b) more or less presentable.

All men believe this immutable Newtonian law until they reach that stage in their sartorial progress when they come face-to-face with a full-length mirror.

This is the moment when many men decide to buy a decent suit. (Many others, of course, decide that it's cheaper to throw away their full-length mirror.)

But what kind of suit? Bespoke or off-the-peg? Is there really much difference between a hand-sewn, made-to-measure suit and an off-the-peg two-piece? Apart from the fact that the bespoke suit fits you without some salesmen frantically clutching six inches of surplus waistband as you gauge how you look in the mirror.

The big difference is that a bespoke suit, cut specifically for your body, tends to hang well. Of course, the off-the-peg also hangs well, but usually only on the peg. An off-the-peg suit fits perfectly if you have broad but slim shoulders, along with a flatish, oblong body.

Does this sound like you? It does? Then, once on, the suit will look exactly how it does on the hanger, because if this, really is your shape, the chances are that you probably are a hanger. If you also have sharply creased, paper-thin legs that fold in two, sing Hosanna because your clothes-shopping problems are over.

As for the rest of us, the minute we get those tweeds off the hanger and put them on, the ancient suit gods become so enraged at being disturbed that they immediately congregate for emergency protest rallies in unfashionable places such as the abdomen, or shoulders flattered or right, but never both simultaneously or symmetrically. At this point, those who are rich enough (or barny enough) to spend £2,000 on a suit head for Savile Row.

If you want your clothes to make a loud statement, don't go shopping in Savile Row — buy a T-shirt that says "I feel porky for Miss Piggy". In Alan Bennett's play *An Englishman Abroad*, the thing that Guy Burgess pines for most in his drab Soviet exile is a suit from his London tailor that would free him from the tyranny of Moscow tailors who "dress you up like a bloody beetle".

But who can afford to buy suits in Savile Row? Not many Englishmen, though that's hardly surprising or unique. Savile Row's problem:

Bespoke tailoring in England has changed dramatically over the past few years with the



Marking up: precision is the operative word

arrival of hipper, often slightly cheaper tailors such as Timothy Everest, Richard James, Ozwald Boateng and Mark Powell. Some, like Everest — who kitted out Tom Cruise in *Mission Impossible* — offer a semi-bespoke suit that cuts the man-hours, and the price, sharply.

Even trend-conscious Ralph Lauren has brought out a pricey Purple Label, which is handmade in Savile Row, though not made-to-measure. And jumping on Savile Row's well-cut coat-tails, Levi Strauss recently began offering a made-to-measure service for its denim jeans. But bespoke still hadn't changed enough for most men to abandon the high street.

Then, couple of years ago, it struck Hugh Holland, managing director of Kilgour French & Stanbury — one of the Row's premier league tailors — that many young men were happily shelling out £600-£800 for Italian designer-name suits which often didn't even fit them.

At about the same time, he chanced on a tailoring workshop in Shanghai's old commercial centre which had kept alive Savile Row bespoke tailoring skills from the pre-war days when Shanghai was one of the world's great cities and the Peace Hotel hummed with the voices of well-dressed English colonials with a Chinese accent enjoying the high life.

He put the tailors to the test, taught them the Kilgour techniques, tried them out on his friends and is now thrilled enough with the result to launch the £699 Savile Row suit, measured and cut out in the Row and then air-freighted to Shanghai for sewing before being flown back to London for a final fitting.

Kilgour has made suits for the actors Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, Robert Mitchum, Rex Harrison and Tom Selleck. Lord Forte and Chris

Eubank are also customers. Its sister company, Bernard Weatherill, also based at 8 Savile Row, makes equestrian outfits for the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other royals.

Kilgour is not ready to jeopardise its reputation, which is why it has spent so long shuttling to Shanghai and back to make sure that the Chinese workshop can guarantee consistent quality.

The hand-tailored, two-piece suits, in Holland & Sherry cloth, take about a month from the time you are measured up to walking out with it on your back. And once the cutters in London know your measurements, you can reorder by telephone or fax, which makes it the ultimate in armchair, mail-order shopping.

Le's face it, £700 is a lot of dosh to pay for a suit. But if you're the sort of person who is happy to pay that much for a suit, then it's a bargain. You get the eye of an expert cutter, such as John McCabe, who measures you ever so politely without laughing at your physical curiosities or asking why you stuff so much ancient paperwork into your pockets (he just tweaks his measurements to cope); the measuring and the cutting is half the expertise of Savile Row. You get civilised service.

You get a chance to fish for gossip about famous clients' kinky habits. (No luck, McCabe is too discreet for that sort of thing.) And you get a hand-sewn suit that fits and which will, so Kilgour swears, last for years after that fancy Italian number has grown saggy from repeated trips to the dry-cleaner.

But Mr Holland isn't saying that the suit is as perfect as those made for around £2,200 by Kilgour's own tailors, who sit cross-legged in its Savile Row basement. "To get 10 or 15 per cent better quality you have to pay 50 per cent more," he explains.

And nor is Kilgour doing it because it expects to make a fortune, nor because Hugh Holland is aching to do a favour for misguided men who deserve more out of a £700 suit than they are getting from Milanese boutiques. The reason for this adventure is that Mr Holland is worried about where Kilgour's future British clients (currently about a fifth of business) will emerge

from. Savile Row customers are traditionally aged over 50; partly because that is when they have cash to spare, partly because good living has distended their bodies into a shape that is trickier to shovel elegantly into an off-the-peg suit. But what worries Mr Holland is that when the current generation of thirty-somethings reaches 50, they will have lost the tradition of graduating to Savile Row.

"There is an ulterior motive in this," he says. "I want people to fall in love with bespoke clothing and then entice them into moving into our suits made in Savile Row. The new suits, labelled '8 Savile Row', are aiming at 30 to 45-year-olds, an age group which we are missing entirely at the moment."

Kilgour is braced to make 30 suits a month, many from customers coming back for repeat orders once they see the standard of workmanship. You know how it is, you order one smart Chinese suit and two months later you fancy ordering another one."



Getting the hang of it: Joe Joseph steps out in his made-to-measure suit from Kilgour

What shall I wear this Christmas?

THE goose is ordered, the kitchen stuffed with nets full of Brussels sprouts and clementines. Brazil nuts and stalks.

The cupboard under the stairs is clanking with Chianti-hotted medoc and ill-concealed on top of the wardrobe is a pile of socks

and hankies and bath salts and cuddly toys quite sufficient to equip a sizeable United Nations humanitarian aid initiative. So why do I still feel so miserable about Christmas?

Because I haven't got anything to wear, that's why. This business of not a thing to put

on is largely absent from my day-to-day life. To work I wear a pair of trousers that are not jeans, plus a matching knee-length sweater from Marks & Spencer, and at home I wear a pair of Romeo Gigli hipster jeans, which are so unutterably cool that I'm surprised the shop agreed to sell them to me — and a knee-length Marks & Spencer sweater.

I am, I like to think, a certain sparse elegance about my solution to the quotidian problem of clothing the naked. But somehow, on Christmas Day, jeans and a sweater don't quite cut it.

For a start, everyone else around the festive board will have made an effort. My parents will be wearing souped-up versions of their usual Sunday finery, which in my father's case means flannels, a cavalry twill jacket, the funny hat out of his cracker and a pair of gold-rimmed half-moon spectacles so that he can read the little slip of paper with a joke from said cracker, and in my mother's will be something from Jaeger with a full skirt in luminous purple silk plus her

Good Pearls and a tea-towel

around her waist with which to fend off any impudent squirts of molten goose fat.

My son will have been

forcibly inserted into his adorable little red corduroy britches from Bompas and the

matching cream Viyella blouse with stumpwork sheep

embroidered on the collar,

and told that Father Christmas and Rudolph are watching him carefully, and will be straight back to repossess all his presents at the very first sign of any attempt to change into jeans and a sweatshirt. But what, oh what shall I be wearing?

In the past, this question is

not one that would have given

me a moment's anxiety. In my

courtship days, which coincided

precisely with my church-going

days — possibly

because all the eligible chaps

in the village sang in the

choir, deliciously clad in floor-

length black cassocks and

frothy white surplices — the

bells for midnight Mass

would find me tripping on my cream calf Manolo Blahnik stilettos into St John the Baptist's Church in a get-up that a New York drag queen might have discarded as a shade over the top.

One year, I seem to remember, it was a Fifities dress and jacket from the Oxford shop in cream Chinese silk, embroidered all over with little cream flowers and birds, which had a completely separate underdress with its very own whalebone stays in all the seams.

Kneeling in my gossamer stockings on the dark stone floor I froze, lips turning blue beneath the Paloma Picasso *Mon Rouge* lipstick.

But it was all well worth it, because my object of desire at the time, a corpulent boy who sang the descant to *Hark the Herald* in a thrilling baritone, later said Merry Christmas to me in what struck me as a very significant fashion.

The arrival of a child had a dampening effect both on the social life and the wardrobe. The latter looks as though it has been visited by the four horsemen of the apocalypse, who have systematically eliminated anything that requires dry-cleaning, leaving behind a sea of utilitarian machine-washables in shades of Marmite, vegetable puree and fruit yoghurt.

And the candlelit, holly-spiked parties of old seem to have dried up, to be replaced by long telephone conversations with friends about isn't Christmas hell.

It is doubtful this somewhat unfeeling state of affairs that brought on a moment of madness last week.

I took my credit card, and I went to the West End, and there I bought a black lace frock with a sapphire blue underskirt and petticoat straps, a matching pair of black lace shoes, and an angora cardigan spangled all over with sapphire sequins.

I think I must have thought that if I bought the frock, the party invitation would surely follow. It hasn't, of course. But guess what I'll be wearing on Christmas Day.



The big match: The all-English clash between Liverpool and Newcastle

Liverpool and Newcastle



ARTS THE WEEK AHEAD



RADIO

Dame Judi Dench leads Radio 4's Boxing Day treats, narrating *A Wizard of Earthsea*
PREVIEW: Tomorrow
BROADCAST: Thursday



OPERA

Mozart for the Christmas season: *The Marriage of Figaro* comes to the Queen Elizabeth Hall
OPENS: Thursday
REVIEW: Saturday



MUSIC

1996 and all that: was it Oasis's year, or just a mirage? Times critics look back
POP: Friday
CLASSICAL: Saturday



FILM

Anthony Hopkins plays the artist in the new Merchant-Ivory film, *Surviving Picasso*
OPENS: Friday
REVIEW: Thursday

There are times when a nerve in the nation is hit. Newspapers are seasoned in this. They can ignite a political scandal or expose a business racket or rattle skeletons in various Cabinets and if the country is, by a mysterious process, ready for it, it becomes the talk of the nation. The new medium of television can also do this occasionally and the Hillsborough docu-drama by Jim McGovern did it.

The Government is now considering a re-examination of the whole catastrophe as a result of the play; the victims in Liverpool feel that at last their voices have been heard and heard with understanding. The "nation" in that old sense of fireside-focus television watched and wept.

Cathy Come Home had a similar effect. Other dramas — including soaps — have a more sensational presence but *Hillsborough*, like *Cathy Come Home*, exposed a deeper truth about ourselves, a deeper anxiety, a fault line in our society in a way

available. I suggest, only to drama through the obsessed imagination of a particular writer.

Jimmy McGovern is certainly that. A stammerer until the age of eight, one of whose brothers had, literally, to "translate" for him: a clever Catholic boy who alone in all his large family won a scholarship and though brilliant at English, did not thrive in that environment of the Liverpool Catholic elite: a young man of many apparently dead-end jobs from the age of 16; by luck and judgment a writer who got himself through work on the stage in Liverpool to the forming furnace of *Brookside*, to the phenomenon of *Cracker* and now *Hillsborough*, which strikes me as his central work.

His anger — initially to fight the crippling stammer — is his dynamo and it is still unaffected raw.

His talent grows. His heart is Dickensian. His own adult past — gambling, drinking, religious torment — feeds him yet. He is a football fanatic and a terrible critic of much of the modern footballing business. Hillsborough left him speechless with rage and grief and years later he reached for his pen.

We had a tragedy on our hands which, with all apologies for patronising, was Third World in its size and poverty of excuse. An antiquated, dangerous spectator-distribution system met an inadequate police force and the disaster turned stupidity into tragedy and accusations of incompetence.

This shocked us all. What is remarkable is that a single play on television could — years later — recall and even advance that shock. If ever we wanted to contemplate the effect of a mere television drama against hours

and columns of talk and articles, then this would be the test case of the past decade.

I do not believe that television has anything like the power attrib-

uted to it by politicians who are understandably frightened about their public appearance. Television is a lie detector and when politicians are economical with the truth it shows.

I do, however, believe that television can have impact (news and sport are the best examples of this) but now and then it can happen elsewhere and *Hillsborough* was a rare drama because apart from its intrinsic dramatic qualities it had and continues to have impact.

What added to its force was football. It was a play about injustice. It was a play about the tragedy of the innocent. It was a play, alas in our country today, about authority losing its head. But it also rode on the back of a game which has become a cohesive and bonding forum in our society. Those who scoff at this, let

them scoff. There have been lesser and more trivial flags around which we have gathered and to great effect as a nation. Football, for fun as well as for sport, has taken up some of the space left by so much else as we have regrouped in the past fifty years. And Hillsborough was also football's tragedy.

McGovern's gift is that not only does he run with the grain of deep popular feeling, he has developed the ability to express it in a heightened, even an operatic way which does not betray its origins. He is, like many fine writers, a man who knows the People in a voice the People would like to own and yet he can put what he says into a form which, in a capsule of time, portrays a universal feeling.

Hillsborough was like a wound on the body of British television. It is a wound which will leave a scar. Lord Taylor of Gosforth's reaction to the disaster was a most powerful and moving tribute both to him and to the constant possibility of decency which exists in our system. McGovern articulated the cry of the heart of a country which longed for justice and catharsis. And it is to the glory of our television that he could and did do it — and with such force — on the most commercial channel, in what is often considered an over-competitive and declining television economy of worth.

Hillsborough did many things for many people. For the bereaved of Liverpool, for our undoubted British sense of fairness, for our wholly admirable determination to face the failure of the police even though we know that to do this is far from damning them all; but also as very few programmes have done this year, it showed, once again that the mundane little box in the corner of the room can come the author, come the time, speak to and shake the nation.

DEE CONWAY

A feast for the eyes this Yuletide

From testosterone tap to gender-bending ballet, it's a bumper Christmas for dance on the small screen. Debra Craine reports

Christmas is traditionally the time when dance gets one of its rare look-ins on British television. Whether it is because a Boxing Day ballet fulfills our need for a little intellectual stimulation after a feast of schlock escapism, or whether we simply have more time to savor the slower pace of arts programmes, the festive season is the dance season on the small screen.

This year we have a bumper crop of television dance, more than a dozen hours that cover almost every imaginable manifestation of the art form. From sweaty Australian hunks tapping their hearts out in hard hats and jeans, to the gender-bending Swan Lake that has taken the West End by storm, there is a programme to satisfy every dance taste. But why do we have to wait for Christmas?

According to Helen Sprott, Channel 4's deputy commissioning editor for music and arts, it is easier to schedule arts programmes at this time of year. Arts programmes tend to be one-offs, and thus hard to fit into regular schedules.

"When you get into the holiday season the rigorous scheduling thing is much more relaxed," she says. "And you have the opportunity to offer a greater variety of one-offs and programmes with differing durations. As well, Christmas is a natural time to watch television and to relax into a more extended performance experience."

The range this year is impressively wide — and not a Nutcracker in sight. Predictably, ITV goes for the populist end of the market with *Dance!* (Friday, 4.10pm), a glitzy extravaganza presented by Torvill and Dean in which Dacey Bussell does Balanchine, Wayne Sleep does Charlie Chaplin and the cast of *Riverdance* do the Irish jig. Channel 4 also takes a light-hearted approach with its *Six Steps to Heaven* (Jan 2, 7.30pm), a "look at six of the biggest dance crazes to have come out of America". The programme explores how the cakewalk, the charleston, Lindy hop, twist, disco and breakdancing have all in their turn captured the spirit of an age, illustrating the history

lesson with some wonderfully evocative archive footage.

BBC2 is presenting the all-male Australian sensation *Tap Dogs* (Dec 31, 8.50pm), a troupe of fleet-footed blokes who marry macho swagger to virtuous traditional tap. The men also have it in BBC2's showpiece Boxing Day offering, the Adventures in Motion Pictures *Swan Lake* (8.30pm). Matthew Bourne's brilliantly unorthodox staging, with its corps de ballet of male swans, turns conventional ballet symbols on their heads and makes them work for a late 20th-century audience. The BBC filming of the award-winning production (still running at London's Piccadilly Theatre) will surely delight all but the most diehard traditionalists. The latter can satisfy themselves with *New York City Ballet Salutes George Balanchine* (BBC2, Jan 1, 2.30pm), a mixed bill of his ballets that pays tribute to the versatility and genius of the late choreographer over several decades.

But it is two documentaries — one made by Channel 4, the other "in association with the BBC" — that offer the most unusual and insightful look at the art form. Channel 4's *Just Dancing Around?* is a three-part series (from Friday, 7.30pm) that aims to probe the elusive creative process of three modern choreographers: while Frederick Wiseman's three-hour film *Ballet*, which follows American Ballet Theatre for nine weeks as they prepare for a European tour, is the ultimate fly-on-the-wall dance documentary.

"It's important to come up with good ideas for dance,"

says Sprott, who commissioned *Just Dancing Around?*. "Television has addressed dance in terms of pure performance; we are not encouraged to be terribly analytical about the language of dance on television. When we came up with the idea of *Just Dancing Around?* we had an eye to unpicking the language of contemporary dance and showing how people actually do it."

The series examines three works in progress: Britain's Richard Alston, seen choreographing *Sometimes I Wonder* to 11 different recordings of *Stardust*, reveals how he equates his working process to that of a sculptor; Trisha Brown, at work on *M.O.* (inspired by Bach's *Musical Offering*), evinces a mind like a scientist, fascinated by form but unable to translate the complexities of intellectual argument into lively dialogue.

The provocative

dancemaker William Forsythe, a feisty and demanding American who runs the Frankfurt Ballet, makes for the most compelling television. His programme is photographed and directed by the film-maker Mike Figgis (*Leaving Las Vegas*, who stars the recently departed trio of Agnes de Mille, Michael Somes and Ulysses Dove among them), but it remains gripping viewing for balletomanes.

And how many ballerinas are out there in tellyland? According to Bob Lockyer, BBC TV's executive producer, dance programmes audiences for Christmas

comment. Just three hours of painstaking rehearsals, angry shouting matches, fundraising headaches, bored dancers, and — at the end of it all — the thrill of performance.

Wise man's film is about an hour too long, and it cruelly fails to identify its stars (the recently departed trio of Agnes de Mille, Michael Somes and Ulysses Dove among them), but it remains gripping viewing for balletomanes.

Obviously *Swan Lake* is not going to do as well as *Jane Eyre*. But let's compare like with like. When *Swan Lake* is screened I would think the numbers watching will fill the Piccadilly Theatre every night for about four to five years."

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"Our budget is minuscule in comparison to drama," explains Lockyer. "We have the budget to do one relay a year. That means one outside broadcast where we take a camera into a theatre and film a performance.

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His latest project involves two DJs, Pogo and Sparkle, operating onstage turntables. The former scratches, both solo and by trading phrases, mainstream-jazz-style, with his leader. Pine refers to the latter as a "sound manipulator", and he provides considerable textural density and variety to the band's music.

Their presence aside, the septet provides relatively conventional pop-jazz in which the music's customary rhythmic subtleties and complexities are subordinated to "the groove", and solos are relatively unstructured and frequently unresolved.

Strictly musical considerations, however, were awfully low on Pine's agenda on this occasion: he had, he claimed, come to the South

Bank with the sole intention of "having a good time", and this he proceeded to do, embellishing everything he played with humour and ginnickery.

The problem with this approach became apparent when he threw in a spot of playing two horns at once during *Prince of Peace* neither was played particularly well, and the irresistible comparison with the late Roland Kirk, who used routinely to employ this double-horn technique to great effect, did Pine no favours.

Ditto his circular breathing on soprano *à la* Evan Parker, his David Murray-influenced impassioned screaming tenor climaxes, and his attempts to organise the audience into impromptu choirs in the manner of Bobby McFerrin. Without a clear artistic context, such stunts are the mark of an entertainer rather than a musician, and it was difficult to resist the conclusion that considerable musical talent remained untapped in Pine.

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■ POP

Punk's young pretenders Ash crown a lively year with gig at the Point, Dublin
CONCERT: Friday
REVIEW: Next week



■ BOOKS

Gerald Seymour explores the black heart of the Sicilian Mafia in his new thriller, *Killing Ground*
IN THE SHOPS: Now
REVIEW: Saturday



■ DANCE

Belinda Hatley makes her debut as Cinderella in Ashton's ballet at Covent Garden
OPENS: Saturday
REVIEW: Next week



Alfredo Perl continues his Wigmore Hall cycle of all Beethoven's piano sonatas
CONCERT: Saturday
REVIEW: Next week

ARTS
TUESDAY TO
FRIDAY
IN SECTION 2

DONALD COOPER

Hard times, bleak house

ids a sad
to loved
stroianini

Dressed in tartan slippers, fingerless gloves and a grubby frock coat, Richard Briers sits at the centre of a bare, black stage. He stares morosely into the audience like one of Samuel Beckett's ulcerous tramps. He squints sourly at his pocket watch as Bob Cratchit, and cronies sweat over their feather quills. He winces as the hours chime past, and squawks "Bah, humbug" when his employees attempt to sing the old festive rhyme. Ebenezer Scrooge has rarely been so full of loathing on Christmas Eve.

Despite the wonderfully dyspeptic start, Neil Bartlett's new adaptation of Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* struggles to establish its family entertainment credentials. I've seen more cheerful *Macbeths*. Relying rather too heavily on comic-taking ghosts and serious-looking goons, few genuine shivers make it down the spine and fewer laughs emanate from the belly.

Joyce Henderson and Marcello Magni from Theatre de Complicite make quirky

inroads as a Scottish Mrs Cratchit and Scrooge's nephew Fred, whom Magni variously plays like an Italian mommy's boy. Their physical skills are impressively artful, but I don't think art is ever going to be enough here.

The younger members of the audience found Angela Clerkin and Sophie Duval's brief cameos as capitalists with large pillows stuffed under their shirts far more amusing, and a few sentimental cheers were mustered for Dale Rapley's dithering Bob Cratchit.

However, the heart of this show was always going to be stapled to Brier's dusky shoulders. That we feel humbled by Scrooge's conversion has everything to do with the way the actor disarmingly regresses to a babbling schoolboyish state of charitable grace. The timely change of heart might be inspired by sheer self-preservation, but Briers is a wonderfully forgivable skinflint.

JAMES CHRISTOPHER



Richard Briers — "a wonderfully forgivable skinflint" as Scrooge — surrounded by the cast of a *Christmas Carol* mainly notable for its gloominess

CONCERTS: Berlioz's choral epic, *L'Enfance du Christ*, superbly performed in Manchester; carols and orchestral music in London

Night of the noëls

Polyphony
St John's

TAKE a couple of dozen choice 20th-century Christmas carols, group them imaginatively, add a dash of plainchant, and you have a winning recipe. This is what Stephen Layton and his choir Polyphony did for a recent recording, and they brought the programme to St John's Smith Square last week.

Few of the pieces included could be counted as predictable chestnuts. Indeed, each was, in its own way, a delightful specimen of the genre. Two Herbert Howells favourites — *A Sprout Rose* and *Here is the Little Door* — beguiling in their simplicity, were there, and providing abundant contrast were examples by Richard Peter Bennett (such as *Susanna* with its mild metric dislocations) and Peter Warlock's *Benedicamus Domino* with its ecstatic chordal outburst.

The highly accomplished singers

of Polyphony proved ideal interpreters of both types: their well-blended, carefully balanced tone produced some exquisite effects in the meditative numbers, while impeccable tuning guaranteed a firm foundation for the jubilant seasonal exclamations of others.

Strands of plainchant were woven seamlessly into the texture. That for *O Magnum Mysterium* (the programme's title) led straight into Warlock's minor-key, modally inflected setting of Bruce Blunt's *Bethlehem Down*. Nowhere was the ensemble's control of dynamic shading and richly expressive liquid phrasing heard to better advantage.

Peter Wishart and William Walton were each represented by a single example. And five of Kenneth Leighton's carols concluded with sorrow and anger poignantly juxtaposed in *Lully, Lulla*.

A wittily crafted encore by chorus bass Robert Rice commanded a familiar "ding-dong bell" refrain by Vaughan Williams as accompaniment for the even more familiar *Sleigh Ride*, rendered in the melodious baritone of chorus-master Stephen Layton.

BARRY MILLINGTON

Class act from students

RNCM/Nagano
Manchester

interpretation which was thoroughly idiomatic but dangerous in tempo, risky in balance, and stressful in terms of choral intonation. Except that the chorus of guardian angels was too far off-stage — the score is explicit on this point — the survival rate was high



Kent Nagano: stylish Berlioz

and the rewards were correspondingly abundant.

The colours of the unaccompanied final chorus were finely nuanced, the complex textures favoured by the Ishmaelites neatly clarified, and the vocal exotisms associated with the soothsayers precisely registered. The trio of flutes and harp delivered their Ishmaelite entertainment elegantly; the orchestra in general twirled round the conflicting rhythms of the dance of the soothsayers without fear of vertigo.

In a well-chosen group of soloists Miranda McDonnell was a radiant Mary, Kevin Matthews a stylish if occasionally over-stretched Narrator, Dean Robinson a suitably dark-toned Herod and Roland Wood a mellifluous Ishmaelite father. The audience might well have been prepared to make seasonal concessions, in the interest of hearing such a beautiful work performed with such youthful freshness, but in fact they never had to.

GERALD LARNER

Clearly in charge

LSO/Fruhbeck
de Burgos
Barbican

AFTER some light-hearted Rossini at the outset, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos was concerned, in his conducting of the London Symphony Orchestra, to give his listeners more of a tonally rough ride in the rest of the programme. The concert was Prokofiev's second for piano, than which I know of none more congested with notes for the soloist, or more extravagant in its cadenza display.

It lacked nothing in virtuous address from Horacio Gutiérrez, the Cuban-born American who can power his way through the thicket of notes as if engaged on a finger exercise, but is also able to add a sense of musical character to the material on display. For much of the work he imparted a sturdy assurance as well as bravura

brilliance, emphasising the lyrical qualities where they occur, as in the third movement intermezzo.

Prokofiev's characteristically sardonic flavour was only partly masked by this, and its persistent march-like rhythm overcame the pianist's attempts to vary it, generating instead a climax of ruthless dissonance. If there was a fault in so imposing a performance, it was in a finale that became wildly driven, with the textures sounding over-congested as a result.

The conductor's innate skill in contriving an instrumental balance of revealing clarity was most rewardingly apparent in his setting out of the complex inner details of *The Rite of Spring*, with which he ended the programme. From the introduction onwards, each strand was given its due weight and prominence, stressing the sense of ritual that underlies music written to be danced as well as heard.

Now and again rhythmic impetus tended to become stilted, mainly in Stravinsky's nocturnal images of Part Two, where some of the phrasing was unduly remote. But, in all the heavier passages, the clarity was a tribute to orchestral response of a high order.

NOEL GOODWIN

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Matthew Parris



■ Our sympathy for victims has become an obsession. When did we stop admiring winners?

What is it about the British us to offer pride of place on public pedestals to the victim? Is it healthy? Have we become a nation of victim-worshippers? I struggle for a way of asking this which does not sound offensive or even neo-fascist, but I must take the risk.

The question resurfaced when I read last week of this year's "Children of Courage" awards. With a couple of exceptions, the children whose courage was cited by the newspapers had not acted courageously; they had been the victims of horrific attacks or accidents, or of illness. They had had no occasion to act bravely; they had not acted at all. They had reacted, as people often do when struck down, with admirable pluck.

If the award had been couched not as commendation but as sympathy, it would have been appropriate. It was not appropriate, however, to attribute to these children a virtue. I know it is common to speak of the "courage" people show in suffering, or with which they fight illness, and I am not insensitive of the unsung fortitude of millions of humans and animals when faced, in circumstances beyond their control, by pain, but to endorse is instinctive. Corrected by fate, most animals are surprisingly strong, we cope when we have to. More uncommon is to choose adversity: to volunteer to be brave. This, which is extraordinary, is courage in the complete sense.

Nothing that comforts a child who has suffered can be without value, especially if by extension this comforts others. But we also need to spur children actively to do things, brave things, even dangerous things, things which entail a positive act of choice. Children should learn pity and receive pity, but they should also learn optimism and confidence, and to admire the strength of the response.

The self-worship of the little man is tangled up with self-pity and resentment

For politicians this Christmas there is one thing even more delicious after dinner than a glass of Glenfiddich: playing the political futures market. While other households may unwind with Cluedo or Happy Families, politicians, particularly Tories, will shy away from games that depend on skulduggery being unearthed or fidelity celebrated. Instead, MPs will indulge themselves by playing Fantasy Cabinet.

Requiring nothing more than an active imagination and ungovernable ambition, Fantasy Cabinet is the country house cousin of the saloon bar exercise Fantasy Football. While the latter is an excuse to argue over the merits of Shearer or Wright in the pub, Fantasy Cabinet is simply a structured way of MPs comparing the merits of ministerial aspirants.

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Open house

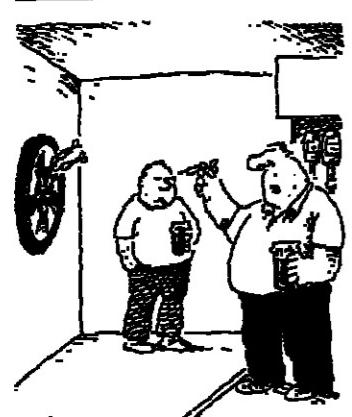
SCOTLAND YARD and Tony Blair are at odds over security at the Labour leader's constituency home, Mirabella, in Trimdon Colliery, Co Durham. Special Branch inspected the four-bedroom detached house recently and flinched. It made the Japanese Ambassa-

dor's residence in Lima look like Fort Knox.

Why Blair has a house with the sort of name more suited to a cheap car or Costa Ileapin is not clear. His children, however, are said to be deeply fond of the place. Open fields stretch out behind it and there is a playground next door, all a bracing change from Blair's London home in Islington. If he ever became Prime Minister, though, it is the sort of place likely to bring his protectors out in hives. John Major's home in Huntingdon, by contrast, is set in its own grounds and surrounded by a low wall.

Blair's accommodation, if he wins the election, will prove a nuisance altogether. Plans for the extensive redesign of the Prime Minister's poky flat in No 10 have already been mooted, with Blair's three children in mind.

"Special Branch would much rather Tony lived elsewhere," says Blair's constituency agent, John Burton. "But he wouldn't agree to it if Tony becomes Prime Minister."



"Why the fuss about Shilton? This is my 1,000th game too"

Differences of denomination matter less than avoiding the secular relativism of most education

Religious schools against the world

On Saturday, *The Times* carried a fascinating report by Ruth Gledhill on the worry of two leading Roman Catholic public schools that so many Roman Catholics are now sending their sons to Eton. Though this is only one corner of the big debate on religious education, it is one of which I have had particular experience. As a Roman Catholic I was educated at Charterhouse, a Church of England school, although Downside was only a few miles from where my family lived in Somerset. In the next generation, our elder daughter took her A levels at Downside and was even appointed deputy head boy. Our eldest son also went to Downside, by his choice; our younger son went to Eton. I recently gave a talk to the sixth form at Ampleforth, not for the first time. To complete the connection, our second daughter took her A levels at Charterhouse, which itself now has an excellent new head master from Eton.

All four schools seem to me to be very good. In the 1980s, when I knew it as a parent, Eton was one of the few old English institutions which was still working exceptionally well, probably better than it did in its most celebrated days of the 18th or 19th centuries. I do not doubt that some parents do send their sons there because they think that will help them to network their way through life, but there are much better reasons.

I know of no school with the same combination of a strong historic tradition, an excellent academic education — Etonians routinely find that the teaching they get in the sixth form is superior to that in the universities they subsequently attend — and the capacity to adjust to the temperament and interest of the individual boys. When my son left Eton, I thought he had been to what was probably the best boys' secondary school on earth, and that he was very lucky to have gone there.

Throughout his time at Eton there

was an excellent and holy Catholic chaplain; we used, as a family, to attend Sunday Mass there. Catholics were given every encouragement to practise their religion. And there were even a couple of conversions, not from Anglicanism but from agnosticism: boys brought up with no religion found that the Catholic Church was the one they wished to join. There are now said to be some 300 Roman Catholic boys at Eton, which is considerably more than there were in those years. Obviously 300 boys who might have gone to Ampleforth or Downside must seem a big loss to those schools.

The case for specifically Roman Catholic education is that it gives a much more profound and complete Catholic experience. Father Leo Chamberlain, the Headmaster of Ampleforth, told Ruth Gledhill: "The opportunity to go to Sunday Mass is not the same as an education immersed in the culture, spiritual values and moral codes of the Church." This is obviously a strong argument. Both Ampleforth and Downside are great Benedictine monasteries, and the worship of the monks does penetrate the whole life of the school. Because we live in the West Country, I have known more old boys of Downside than of Ampleforth, but both schools seem to give a lifelong foundation in faith to a high proportion of their pupils. It is as though the Gregorian chant enters into their souls.

All questions of the psychology of

religion are complex. Going to Charterhouse, I am sure, suited me better than the Spartan Downside of those wartime years would have done. I was left with a strong sense of the Anglican tradition, and of the beauty of the old Anglican liturgy. I have found great Anglican divines, Jeremy Taylor, George Barclay, Joseph Butler, John Wesley, have played a much larger part in my religious development than is common among Roman Catholics. Wesley was himself an Old Carthusian, which is an extra connection.

William Rees-Mogg

My abiding affection for the Church of England was a benefit I gained by going to an Anglican school. Nor, in the end, did my experience at Charterhouse in any way alienate me from the Roman Catholic Church as an institution. I know that many people find all institutions of religion a difficulty; I have never found that a problem, and delight in the great Roman Levitation, "mightiest of the fishes of the deep", which still swims so sturdily in the ocean of faith.

There is some criticism of the Catholic schools because they do not always shine in league tables. Indeed,

some years ago I was discussing the problems of Islamic education with a group of Islamic leaders from Glasgow. Despite the risk of social alienation, I believe that the Islamic community has a right to state support for its religious schools, and have always supported that claim. They told me that in Glasgow, if their children could not be sent to Islamic schools they preferred Catholic schools, because they teach a definite morality based on religion. What they feared was the secular, non-moral environment. Essentially that is the appeal of all the Catholic schools to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. More than a tenth of the boys at Ampleforth are now non-Catholic. That seems to me an excellent thing.

The modern dividing line is not between schools of one Christian denomination and those of another, but between schools that teach a morality based on religion and schools that do not. If Western culture is in decline, in the rest of Europe as much as in Britain or the United States, it is because teachers have retired from the attempt to provide the moral basis for life.

The headmasters have appealed to the Roman Catholic bishops. I doubt if they will get much comfort from them. Cardinal Hume himself was Abbot of Ampleforth, and taught there but the bishops are probably more concerned with Catholic education in the state than in the private sector. The demand for Catholic education in the grant-maintained and state sector has never been higher. Tony Blair is not the only parent to recognise the quality of schools such as the admirable Oratory School in London. Such schools have two advantages which Ampleforth and Downside fully share. They believe in the importance of a solid traditional education, and they believe in teaching the Christian religion as a living framework for life.

Who will hold the cards?

Michael Gove shuffles the political pack

For politicians this Christmas there is one thing even more delicious after dinner than a glass of Glenfiddich: playing the political futures market. While other households may unwind with Cluedo or Happy Families, politicians, particularly Tories, will shy away from games that depend on skulduggery being unearthed or fidelity celebrated. Instead, MPs will indulge themselves by playing Fantasy Cabinet.

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international perspectives would fit for the Foreign Office.

Michael Howard's belief in the efficacy of longer sentences could be tested by keeping him at Home Affairs; Peter Lilley, having displayed a determination and imagination in cutting spending at Social Security, should have the chance to apply those skills across the board as Chancellor.

With Angela Knight at Education, William Hague at Environment, Giles Brandreth as Minister for Fun and 1997 entrant David Cameron as Chief Secretary to the Treasury, youth would have its head. After composing his ideal Cabinet, our Ultra might fancy himself enrobed as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster before going to bed to sleep the sleep of the pure. In ideology, if not in heart.

As the last drops of British sherry are being drained at Headstrong Hall, the espresso machine is bubbling in a north London kitchen. While the Tory Ultras dream of their fantasy Shadow Cabinet, Labour's ultra-Modernisers have their ideal top table sketched on the back of a Granite wine list.

Labour arditi hope that Blair will ensure that power is in the finely manicured hands of the Modernisers, rather than the calloused grip of old Labour figures. Of course, some old socialists such as Robin Cook and John Prescott are beasts too big to put out to grass. Cook is safely corralled in the Foreign Office, though he years for economic influence, but Prescott is a problem. The Modernisers do not want him as Deputy Prime Minister, a Labour Heseltine with an even greater propensity to intervene. There are two possibilities that entertain them, either suzerainty over a super-department combining Environment and Transport, playing to his expertise, or the Home Office. Although Jack Straw is dear to modernising hearts and hopes to be

Home Secretary, some Blairites feel that a reassuringly proletarian presence at the Home Office would win over the police, much in the manner of the genial, socially conservative James Callaghan.

The real pleasure for the Modernisers, however, rests in drafting new talent, not rearranging old. Frank Field may almost be too independent-minded for Social Security, but why not put the Birkenhead Anglican in the Northern Ireland Office? With Donald Dewar, moving from the white office to become Leader of the House, his current deputy, Nick Brown, could be a chief whip of Unquaffian devousness. Brian Wilson, a successful publisher as well as historian of Celtic Football Club, has been tipped for Ulster, but would be perfect for Transport. Kim Howells, the man who urged his brothers and sisters in the Labour movement to embrace competition, would delight Modernisers as President of the Board of Trade.

With Tessa Jowell at Health and Harriet Harman at Social Security, Mo Mowlam at Defence and Helen Liddell as Scottish Secretary, four impeccably Blairite ministers would be well-placed to exploit the dearth of female talent on the Tory benches. The dearest modernising wish would, of course, be the building of a broad progressive coalition and a Cabinet seat for a senior figure from another party with similar values. But Ken Clarke may prefer to be where power might lie after a Labour victory in Brussels.

Another Cabinet may also be dreamt of this Christmas — John Major's third-term team. The dogged decency of the Prime Minister may set at naught the games of the Tory Ultras and Labour Modernisers. The identity of the man who will choose the next Cabinet will be decided on the hustings where he thrives, and not the salons where they plot. But this Christmas, given the confidence with both Ultras and Modernisers' fantasies, the thought that John Major will be choosing a new Cabinet in the spring seems the most fantastic idea of all.

Peter Riddell will return after Christmas.



Moss and Depp: whatever next?

"Do you know?" he said. "I think you may be right."

The couple decided to get an apartment together in New York as a trial situation before they make it official, says Moss's mouthpiece.

Good news for Moss is that Depp has finally done something about the tattoo he had done for his previous girlfriend, Winona Ryder. "Winona Forever" now reads "Wino Forever".

P.H.S.

All mine

NEW LABOUR'S pale-fingered suffocation of its party's traditions continues with news that Wentworth, a mining constituency in South Yorkshire, is to be represented at the next election by John Healey, a model new Labour man.

All sharp suits and sharper elbows, Healey has been the press officer for John Monks, General Secretary of the TUC. He is credited with repositioning Monks and the TUC. This is hair-writhing news for Arthur Scargill, whose paleolithic Socialist Labour Party is meant to stand its best chance in old mining areas.

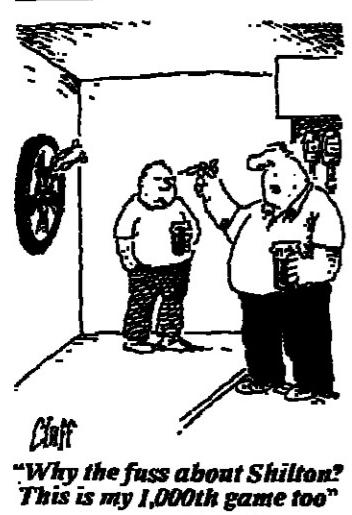
Bumping into Jeremy Irons at a party last week, a young woman said to him that when he appeared on film, "you've only got one expression". Irons's face paused in the middle of one of its tectonic move-



Irons: does he really have only one expression?

Your honour

FOR Jacques Chirac, the French President, the days after Christmas often mean the *Gazelle d'Or*, the



"Why the fuss about Shilton? This is my 1,000th game too"



POTS AND KETTLES

Labour must spell out its tax policies and do so soon

Tony Blair and Gordon Brown must make up their minds about taxes. The sooner they do so, the better for Britain and quite possibly for Labour's election chances. As long as the Labour leadership maintains its vow of silence on taxes, the public will understandably remain suspicious and rely on their memories of past Labour governments. The Tory publicity machine will naturally try to persuade voters to assume the worst. Indeed, a Tory campaign to expose Labour's "secret" tax plans will begin in the very first week of the new year.

While Labour remains silent about its intentions, the Tories' strategy will be not only understandable, but also fair. Early this year Clare Short blurted out that a Labour government should be in the business of raising taxes. The Tories immediately claimed that she had revealed Labour's secret tax plans. The Labour leadership's rebuttal was ingenious but bizarre: Labour could not have any "secret" tax plans because it had no plans on taxes at all. Such casuistry will no longer do with just four months to go before a general election. A party which claims to be ready to govern can hardly deny that it has any policies on either public spending or tax.

As long as Labour fails to disclose these policies, voters will be entitled to draw one of two disquieting conclusions. The first possibility is that Labour intends to raise taxes and knows that these plans will be deeply unpopular. It is therefore trying to keep them quiet for as long as possible to deny John Major the easy target he needs to unite his shambolic party. Conceivably Mr Blair even hopes to avoid any clear commitments on taxes. He could then enter Downing Street with a free hand to revert to Labour's spendthrift ways.

An alternative explanation for Labour's silence is just as disturbing. Perhaps Mr Blair has decided not to raise taxes, but does

not dare to say so for fear of alienating his own party's left wing. And if Mr Blair is intimidated by his leftwingers, when they are still subject to the discipline of trying to win votes, what chance will he have against them if and when the election is won?

In the weeks ahead, the Tories will do their utmost to whip up public fears on both these counts. The Labour leadership, however, seems unperturbed. Mr Blair is being urged by his advisers to turn the tax campaign against the Tories by focusing on the Government's own record. Treasury figures published just before the Christmas recess confirmed that families on average earnings will pay more in income taxes at the end of this parliament than they did at the beginning. Armed with this fact, Labour will try to turn the Tories' campaign into a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Instead of spelling out Labour's own policies — a "defensive" posture — Mr Blair will counter-attack and make an issue of the Tories' own tax record. After their broken promises, Labour will claim the Tories have "no right" to criticise, or even to question, another party's policies on tax.

This kind of *ad hominem* point-scoring is not only illogical; it is unlikely to help Labour's cause. The issue for voters is not what happened in the past, but what each party will do in the future. Pointing to past tax increases will do nothing to reassure the public about a Labour government's intentions. In fact, it could inflame the fears of the voters: if even the Tories had to put up taxes, Labour may have to raise them even more.

If Mr Blair wants to clarify the economic outlook for business and investors and to convince voters that Labour's punitive tax policies are really gone for good, there is one and only one thing he can do. He must make a full announcement of his plans on taxes and public spending — and do it soon.

NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS

American foreign policy must look beyond trade

As the Cold War ended, Francis Fukuyama acquired great prominence through his thesis that the end of the US-Soviet struggle signalled the universal triumph of democratic values and hence "the end of history". Under President Clinton that process has been taken one step further: For three years American foreign policy has been organised around the primacy of economics. His recent tour of Asia served to reinforce this trend. To many in Washington, trade is the beginning and end of international relations.

To those who question this emphasis comes the retort that economic engagement with seemingly unsavoury regimes represents the Trojan horse that will eventually secure the triumph of democracy. The real consequence of the collapse of communism is then, ironically, the end of politics, with the security issues of the past swamped by the requirements of the GDP.

After four years in office the President appears to have concluded that Asia with its multitude of underdeveloped markets is "exciting", whereas Europe, with its complicated political problems such as Nato expansion and the Balkans, is boring and "old hat". Trade is the new God. Perversely, the central intellectual premise of Marxism — that economic man is the whole man — has been swallowed by the US.

The short-term seductiveness of this approach is obvious. The notion that economic engagement can deliver good government after a modest interval has clear attractions. It would be difficult to conduct any cost-benefit analysis of US corporate interests that did not focus on Asia as promising unconquered territory. But this

exclusively materialistic analysis is deeply flawed.

It relies, firstly, on the false assumption that all significant human relations are economic. The demise of the superpower struggle has brought more, rather than less, conflict in much of the world precisely because many disputes, which are rooted in history rather than in economics, had been held in check during the Cold War and have now been released to do their worst. There is no need to accept the entire argument about the clash of civilisations recently presented by Samuel Huntington to see the fundamental importance of differences in the ways that human society is organised.

The second fallacy lies in the calculation that economic engagement produces democratic advance. This argument relies heavily on a small number of cases — Chile, South Korea, arguably Taiwan — drawn from Latin America and relatively small countries in East Asia. There are abundant counter-examples, especially in Asia, of states that have capitalist economies and authoritarian political structures. The theory that China will become more benign towards internal dissent because of the opportunity to purchase American telephones has not produced results so far.

Finally, it is untrue that politics has been disintegrated and military issues marginalised by the triumph of the market economy. History has not ended. It never does. It has moved on. There have been many occasions in the past thousand years when commerce has flourished in the temporary absence of disharmony. The old motto "hope for peace, prepare for war" still remains a wise one for political leaders.

GROUSE FOR CHRISTMAS

A Great British Tradition — the seasonal grumble

The real joy of Christmas is neither giving nor receiving, but complaining. Perthshire's finest whisky is not the only famous grouse which should be indulged this midwinter — true traditionalists will also enjoy the cosy familiarity of lathering themselves in indignation, wrapping themselves in righteous wrath and recycling and reworking a series of moans, whinges, jeremiads, imprecations and oaths without which the Christmas season is not truly festive. The Christmas taste is better when generously sauced with bile.

Gift-giving is always a rich area for grumbles. Aside from the personal bickering of the wife incredulous that a husband should imagine her a size 16 or the basiflask glare with which a lover might greet a tenderly proffered and elegantly wrapped steam iron, there has been a general parental plaint this year. Demand for the toy astronaut Buzz Lightyear has so far outstripped supply that sightings of the plastic adventurer from outer space are now as rare as honest Tory whips. The banshee keening of mothers too late to buy a Buzz has rent the air of Harney's and fathers have muttered oaths under their beery breath. The manufacturers blame the unprecedented demand on the surprise success of the video *Toy Story*, in which an animated Buzz appears. Cynics will smell a marketing ramp designed to give Buzz, well, buzz.

Wiser heads will realise, however, that Buzz is playing a role in the pantomime of Christmastime as hallowed as the dame. He

is the toy which everyone wants but no one can find, the empty glass of nursery fashion. In the past his role has been played by the Cabbage Patch Doll or the Millennium Falcon starship but, whatever the guise, the function is the same. Buzz is this year's yuletide maguffin, the pursuit of which gives parents the chance to enjoy cursing their offspring, themselves and the shop in a triple whammy of delicious ill-grace.

Family aside, food is the easy butt of a Briton's complaint. For several Christmases now it has required increasing ingenuity to rail against the seasonal fare. Turkeys, like secretaries, are better-bred than ever. For those bored of gobblers — from the farm, that is, not the typing-pool — there is an embarrassment of choice. Even the meanest supermarket groans with geese, ducks, game and exotic fowl. The most appropriate gripe when faced with such bounty is to lament the passing of the simple meals of one's childhood. There is no more satisfying accompaniment to the sight of a son swallowing a richly sauced partridge breast than a small dirge on the inability of the jaded young to appreciate plain white meat, a luxury in its day and none the worse for it now.

But the best complaint that Christmas now provokes is its length. Starting just as the fireworks fade and ending well after Epiphany, the festive season is now almost as long as the other grouse season. In its length, as in so many ways, Christmas is absolutely fair game.

Ethical concerns in healthcare law

From Mr David Anderson-Ford

Sir, Your report (December 16) on the rulings by High Court judges compelling women to undergo Caesarean sections illustrates the difficulty of cases which have arisen from the turbulent sphere of healthcare law and ethics to confront the judiciary.

As Lord Browne-Wilkinson stated in the Anthony Bland case (*Wairdale NHS Trust v Bland* [1993] *1 All E.R.* 821 (H.L.)):

It seems to me imperative that the moral, social and legal issues raised by this case should be considered by Parliament ... If Parliament fails to act, then judge-made law will of necessity through a gradual and uncertain process provide a legal answer to each new question as it arises. But in my judgment that is not the best way to proceed.

Issues of consent and capacity are fundamental and troublesome. In spite of the sterling efforts of the Law Commission in this decade to raise the level of national debate, judges continue to be placed in this untenable position.

Perhaps a national standing forum on healthcare law and ethics (along the lines of the 1980s President's Commission in the USA) would provide a more clearly defined and more representative lead. These matters are far too important to be left to judges alone.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID ANDERSON-FORD,
37 Canbury Avenue,
Kingston upon Thames, Surrey.
December 17.

From the Honorary Chair of the Association for Improvements in the Maternity Services

Sir, One worrying aspect of the recent "forced Caesarean" cases is how they have changed the atmosphere surrounding consent to treatment for pregnant women. Since the first reported court-ordered Caesarean (details, October 14, 1992; Law, October 27, 1992) we have come across a number of cases where women who questioned obstetricians' proposed care were told: "if you don't consent, we shall simply go and get a court order."

These incidents include a number of interventions, including induction or augmentation of labour. Given the high and inconsistent intervention rates in many maternity units there is good reason to question the necessity for many of these. In cases where we obtained further details it was clear that the proposed interventions were neither essential nor urgent.

It seems that some obstetricians have seized upon the court decisions to support an authoritarian pattern of care rather than making efforts to improve a two-way communication and respecting the rights of their patients.

It is not the obstetricians but GPs, health visitors, psychiatrists and lay supporters like ourselves who are dealing with the disastrous emotional effects in women who describe their birth experience as "technological rape".

Yours sincerely,
BEVERLEY A. BEECH,
21 Iver Lane, Iver, Buckinghamshire.
December 16.

The right to die

From the General Secretary of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society

Sir, I was surprised that Dr Gary Slapper failed to mention the common law right of an adult patient to refuse medical treatment, both contemporaneously and in advance, in his article on the involvement of the courts in decisions to withdraw life-support ("When there is life without hope", Law, December 10).

It is true, as Dr Slapper says, that a number of patients have been wrongfully diagnosed as being in a persistent vegetative state. However, many people, I suspect, would find the quality of life of those "recovering" patients to be unacceptable and, if they were in a similar position, would wish life-prolonging treatment, including feeding by naso-gastric tube, withdrawn and to be allowed to die with dignity.

The only way such patients can communicate their wish to a doctor is by way of an advance directive ("living will").

Yours faithfully,
JOHN OLIVER,
General Secretary,
The Voluntary Euthanasia Society,
13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.
December 10.

Smoking costs

From Mr Clive Turner

Sir, Mrs Jane Hodges (letter, December 19) tells us that, among others, smokers should pay for what she considers are self-inflicted health problems.

There are no official government figures available, but the Health Education Authority, on a basis unknown to us, currently estimates the annual cost to the NHS of alleged smoking-related diseases at £325 million.

Since smokers are paying more than 28 times this sum in tobacco tax each year, surely nobody can say that they are not paying their way.

Yours faithfully,
CLIVE TURNER
(Executive Director, Industry Affairs),
Tobacco Manufacturers' Association,
55 Tufton Street, Westminster, SW1.
December 19.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN Telephone 0171-782 5000

Life aboard a modern prison hulk

From Mr Graham Wilmer

Sir, I was interested to read Richard Ford's report (December 13) on the possible use by the Home Office of the floating accommodation unit *Resolution* to ease the accommodation shortage in the Prison Service.

Life on the original prison "hulks" was hellish, but life on the *Resolution* will be very different. When I interviewed remain prisoners housed on the unit in New York in 1990, they described life on the hulk as "more like being on the love boat than in prison".

The Department of Correction (DoC) had hired *Resolution* and another similar unit, *Venture*, to help solve an emergency overcrowding problem they faced between 1987 and 1989.

Such was the quality of life on both units that the DoC decided they would use the tranquil environment aboard *Resolution*, the larger and more spacious of the two, to establish a special drug-rehabilitation programme for both remand and convicted prisoners. This was a considerable success, according to the DoC's Director of Substance Abuse Intervention at the time.

Yours sincerely,
GRAHAM WILMER
(freelance writer),
Laburnum Farmhouse,
9 Mill Lane, Ness, South Wirral.
December 13.

Royal Academy's need for reform

From Mr Hugh McIver

Sir, Notwithstanding the excellent suggestion by Mrs Diana King (letter, December 13) by which Friends of the Royal Academy could, through donations, put right at a stroke the present financial crisis, this fine institution is patently in need of effective long-term reform. In any administrative situation, payment due to a pension scheme and simply "not made" (sic) must be viewed very seriously.

Already it seems that the Academy is tying itself in knots by announcing that it will not sell any works of art; nor will staff cuts be considered (report, December 13). Hardly sensible strategy when a business plan, presumably, is in preparation and all options should remain open for consideration.

At the other end of the spectrum, to provide a cafe within the Sackler Wing extension is but to tinker while greater problems abound; and may spoil for ever that confidently handled space which forms part of an outstanding example of contemporary architecture, as it were on permanent exhibition within the Academy premises.

Yours sincerely,
HUGH MCIVER,
Bowback, Hornington,
Shipston on Stour, Warwickshire.
December 13.

From Mr C. R. Devereux

Sir, I read with sorrow and concern of the Royal Academy's financial difficulties, but I do not believe that asking the Friends to resolve the problem is a valid solution. I am a history of art student at the University of East Anglia as well as a Friend, and regard RA exhibitions as a valuable aid in my studies: but I am sure there are many Friends who, like me, cannot afford to support the Academy further.

If the RA wishes to retain its autonomous standing, it cannot reasonably seek government funding, and assistance from this source would be perhaps unwise, stretching the Arts budget even further. Perhaps artists selling works in the Summer Exhibition would agree to a greater percentage of the price going to the Academy? Or why not seize the initiative and sell the Michelangelo *Tondo*?

The purpose of the RA is not to collect art, but to encourage its development — and what percentage of the visitors to the galleries actually see the *Tondo* in its obscure location?

Yours faithfully,
ROBIN DEVEREUX,
2 Dover Street, Norwich, Norfolk.
December 13.

Coren and Amis

From Mr Mark Anderson

Sir, Alan Coren's desire to write a best-selling publishing contract ("Can I take out a contract on Martin Amis?", December 18) is commendable. He will, of course, need legal advice on the wording of the contract. As the author of a legal textbook on intellectual property agreements, I am well qualified to advise him, and would be willing to share his royalties with him in lieu of my normal fee.

Yours generously,
MARK ANDERSON,
Anderson & Company (solicitors),
36 The Vineyard, Richmond, Surrey.
December 19.

Cleric's move

From the Reverend John Hawthorne

Sir, The Reverend Eric Sheog (report, December 19), commenting that it was understandable that many would see his appointment as head of communications for the Diocese of London as a downwards step, asked: "But where do you go after being head of religious programming for the IBA and head of communications for the Church of England?"

To a parish, perhaps?

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HAWTHORNE,
The Vicarage, The Green,
Tisbury, Gloucestershire.
December 19.

Fully furnished

From Mr Asif Khan

Sir, I welcome Edward Thomas's suggestion (letter, December 18) that people calling themselves chairs and joint chairs should form a settee and become a suite of furniture.

I would wholeheartedly support Mr Thomas if he were now to table a formal motion to this effect. Whether he will have a leg to stand on, I don't know.

Yours sincerely,

ASIF KHAN,

282 Whilton Avenue East,

Greenford, Middlesex.

December 18.

From Mr Rashaad Thirlway

Sir, Hereabouts we have enough local authority committee "Chairs" to furnish a complete auditorium. There can be no guarantee, however, that if so assembled they would listen to reason.

Yours faithfully,

RASHAAD THIRLWAY,

30 Finchfield Hill,



COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
December 21: The Duke of York arrived at Heathrow Airport, London, this morning from the Philippines.

Captain Neil Blair RN, Mr Geoffrey Crawford and Major Timothy Allan were in attendance.

SANDRINGHAM NORFOLK
December 22: A Service of Lessons and Carols was held in Sandringham Parish Church this morning.

The Emperor of Japan celebrates his 63rd birthday today.

Beaudesert Park

The Governor of Beaudesert Park have appointed Mr James Womersley, presently a Housemaster at The Dragon School, Oxford, as Headmaster from August 1997.

ARMACH CATHEDRAL: 5 Choral E. Wood In D. In dulci dulci (Pearl), Blessing of the Crib.

BELFAST CATHEDRAL: 8pm, Sung of Nine Lessons & Carols, 11.30pm, First Eucharist of Christmas.

BIRMINGHAM CATHEDRAL: 7.15pm, 10.30pm EP, 5.30pm Festival of Nine Lessons & Carols.

BRECON CATHEDRAL: 3.30pm, Blessing of the Crib and First Evensong of Christmas.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL: College Green, 8.45pm, 12.30pm, HC, 3.30pm Service of Nine Lessons & Carols.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: 7.30pm, 11.30pm, First Eucharist of Christmas.

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CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, Oxford: 3 Service of Nine Lessons & Carols.

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: 9.30am, 12pm, 12.40pm Midday Prayer, 3.30pm.

Birthdays today

Mr Michele Albergo, racing driver, 40; the Earl of Balfour, 71; Sir Franklin Bernal, civil servant, 57; Mrs C. Bicknell, former chairman, Victoria Health Authority, 77; Sir Norman Biggs, banker, 89; Lord Blake, 80; Professor Timothy Burt, Master, Hatfield College, Durham University, 45; Mr David Davis, MP, 48; Mr Peter Davis, chief executive, Prudential Corporation, 55; Mr Maurice Denham, actor, 87; Sir Colin Fielding, civil servant, 70; Mr J.R.S. Guitinan, chairman, British Nuclear Fuels, 61; Mr Yousef Karsh, photographer, 88; Mr Graham Kelly, chief executive, Football Association, 51; Professor Peter Lachmann, former President, Royal College of Pathologists, 65; Miss Belinda Lang, actress, 43; Mr Christopher Lawrence, silversmith, 60; Sir Roger Lethbridge, former chief executive, Sun Alliance Insurance Group, 62; Miss J. M. Queenell, former MP, 73; Mr Ashley Raeburn, former chairman, Bossey and Hawkes, 78; Herr Helmut Schmidt, former Chancellor, Federal Republic of Germany, 78; the Rev Christopher Turner, former Headmaster, Stowe School, 67; Mr R.S. Unwin, publisher, 71; the Marquess of Winchester, 55.

Children's Service: 7 The Form of a Servant.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL: 7.30pm, Sung of Nine Lessons & Carols, 5.15pm EP.

ELY CATHEDRAL: 7.40pm, 8.45pm, 10.30pm Carol Service, Procession.

FESTIVAL OF THE FIRST EUCHARIST OF CHRISTMAS: Little Organ Mass (Mozart), The Deaf (Deafness Illuminare Jerusalem Poston), Ave verum (Elgar), The Prophets.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: 4pm, at the Christmas Tree. The Provost: 11.30pm Midnight Euch.

Mass of the Quiet Hour (Oldroyd), Canon 12.45pm.

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OBITUARIES

GEOFFREY MORTON

Geoffrey Morton, BEM, former deputy superintendent in the Palestine Police, died in Cheltenham on December 11 aged 89. He was born on September 5, 1907.

Geoffrey Morton was the man who shot Avraham Stern. During the Second World War the Stern Gang, a breakaway faction from the Irgun Zvai Leumi, consisted of Jewish terrorists who had not agreed to a truce with the British authorities in mandated Palestine for as long as the struggle against Hitler lasted. Under the leadership of the ascetic-looking Stern, a teacher and a poet known to his followers as "Yair" (which means "the light"), they robbed banks, planted bombs and did not hesitate to shoot dead anybody who got in their way. Particular targets were those Jews serving in the ranks of the Palestine Police, whom the Stern Gang regarded as traitors. By January 1942 Assistant Superintendent Morton had spent two years in charge of the Lydda police district CID, which covered both Jewish Tel Aviv and Arab Jaffa. In this time he had shot dead an Arab gangster wanted for multiple murder in a face-to-face gunfight, clearing a jam in his automatic pistol a fraction of a second before the Arab cleared a similar jam in his. He was also responsible for unearthing several big Jewish arms caches.

But these finds made no difference whatsoever to the Stern Gang, whose crimes became increasingly callous. In November 1941 they murdered one of Morton's Jewish constables while he was on duty and out walking with his wife and young child. One of the gunmen responsible for this outrage was identified by witnesses as a man called Zeik Zak. Then, in January 1942, they had their biggest success to that date.

Three members of the Palestine Police died after being lured to a bomb set up on the top of a Tel Aviv apartment block and detonated electronically from a neighbouring rooftop. Deputy Superintendent Solomon Schiff, one of the most senior Jewish policemen in the force, was killed instantly. Inspector Nahum Goldman died the next day. Inspector E. Turton, the holder of the King's Police Medal for Gallantry for saving a trainload of Jews from an Arab mob, lingered for a week after both his legs had been amputated.

The Mandate authorities responded by offering what in 1942 were substantial rewards for information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the bombers. A figure of £3,000 was put on their heads and a further £1,000 for Stern himself who, according to Morton, had declared more than once that he would never be taken alive.

Exactly a week after Schiff died, a Jewish informant from Tel Aviv told Morton of four young men who had hired a single room in a three-floor flat in Dizengoff Street. Morton could have waited for reinforcements, but he decided to respond immediately. He raced to the flat at the head of a team of six armed detectives. Three set up a loose cordon around the building and Morton and the other two entered the rented room where the first person he saw was Zeik Zak, the man suspected of having shot the off-duty constable in front of his wife. Two other men were in the room, lying on beds in various states of undress. Morton yelled at them in Hebrew: "Don't stand up".



When they did, he began shooting. Zeik Zak and one of the others were mortally wounded. The third survived with flesh wounds as did a fourth man shot in the buttocks by one of the CID men while climbing out of a lavatory window. All four turned out to be well-known members of the Stern Gang but none of them was Avraham Stern.

In hospital a few days later one of the wounded terrorists was overheard by a guard whispering to his mother the importance of consulting a person living in the top flat at 8 Mitzrahi B Street. It was all Morton needed. On February 22, 1942, Stern, apparently unarmed, was found hiding in a wardrobe there. What happened next was to be the subject of at least three successful legal actions by Morton, who always insisted that he neither shot Stern in cold blood nor even "while attempting to escape". According to him, Stern was fully aware that the place was surrounded and that he had no hope of escape, yet the terrorist suddenly made a dash for a window. Morton shot him dead: "I could only conclude that he had some internal machine rigged up and that he was making a desperate attempt to reach it," he wrote in *Just the Job*, the memoirs he published in 1957.

Geoffrey Jackson Morton grew up in Dulwich, south London, where his father was the managing director of the local branch of United Dairies. He attended St Olave's Grammar School, from which he followed his father into the dairy firm, soon becoming its servery manager.

But during the General Strike of 1926, when he was 18, he joined the Special Constabulary and this gave him a taste for police work. In 1930 he managed to enlist in the Palestine Police, despite the lack of a military background which this particular force still much preferred to any actual police experience. Once he had passed out of the force's rigorous infantry-style basic training at their Jerusalem depot

on Mount Scopus, he was posted to its transport section where the opportunities for any real police work were slight. Disillusioned, he left Palestine when his term of enlistment ended in 1932 but returned six months later when he heard that the formidable Roy Spicer, the force's new Inspector General, was making sweeping changes.

Spicer spotted Morton as the kind of young man he wanted to encourage and, once he had passed his Higher Language Examination in Arabic, he was rapidly promoted. In 1935, when a countrywide Arab rebellion against the British started over Jewish immigration, Morton was a head constable, the equivalent of a sergeant-major. In Haifa he had to cope with a dangerous riot in which — saved only by his tin hat — he was almost brained by a falling coping stone. The following year he was awarded the British Empire Medal.

Then, as in more recent times against the Israelis, the focal point of Palestinian rural resistance lay between the three Samarian towns of Jenin, Nablus and Tulkarm, which the British called the Triangle of Terror. In April 1938 Morton, promoted to Assistant Superintendent, was put in command of the Jejun Division and rapidly distinguished himself, earning in particular the plaudits of Montgomery, the little major-general who commanded a division of British troops, had hastened to the territory.

Morton survived several skirmishes, demonstrating an admirable coolness under fire in a fissured countryside ready-made for ambush, though he tended to shrug off praise saying that the Arabs were bad shots. But his real flair was for finding arms caches, a task at which he displayed the kind of imaginative tactics that were completely belied by his somewhat solemn policeman's exterior.

After descending on one village, where he was convinced arms were hidden and receiving the usual blank

denials, he took one of the chief suspects around the back of a building from where the assembled villagers heard a shot followed by a scream which was cut short by another shot followed by a shorter even louder scream. Weapons were promptly handed over and when the haul was complete the "dead man" was resurrected, appearing between the two grinning Arab constables who had made the blood-curdling screams.

By the beginning of 1939, towards the end of the Arab revolt, Jewish counter-terrorism had started. Two British policemen were killed when they were examining some booby-trapped bombs placed on a train full of Arab workers. Morton discovered that the man behind these bombs was called Avraham Stern. It was the first time he had heard his name.

After Morton killed Stern he was provided with three police bodyguards and was always accompanied by at least two of them. This did not deter Stern's disciples from trying to avenge his death. On May 1, 1942, Morton and his wife Alice, who was working as a teacher in Jaffa, plus two of the bodyguards, were driving past an orange grove when the terrorists detonated a landmine made up of 60 sticks of gelignite. The explosion was loud enough to send people in Jaffa three miles away down to their air raid shelters but, though the car was wrecked, all the passengers were unhurt, apart from concussion. A few days later Morton discovered that two more home-made landmines had been placed in the cemetery where he and his wife would have been interred — with the intention, no doubt, of reuniting them with the High Commissioner and other members of the governing élite there to pay their last respects.

Having survived such attempted reprisals, the Mortons were sent home on extended leave. When they returned to Palestine almost a year later Morton, though promoted to deputy superintendent, was given a series of non-jobs, including being the police representative on the film censorship board. Things had changed.

The Germans had been thrown out of North Africa and the Jews in Palestine no longer felt they needed the British to protect them. Stern, during his life reviled by many of the Jewish community almost as much as by the British, had taken on the halo of a posthumous hero. Rumours about the manner of his death persisted.

The American attitude towards Jewish terrorism was increasingly ambivalent. The man who had killed Avraham Stern had become an embarrassment. Less than a year after he returned, Morton left Palestine for good and without regret.

After service in Trinidad he ended his police career in 1954 as deputy police commissioner of Nyasaland where he was best known for the interest he took in the Police Band. His liking for Africa and Africans probably made this the happiest part of his service. He developed a strong distaste for South Africa's apartheid board. Things had changed.

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NEWS

Car bomb ends loyalist ceasefire

The loyalist ceasefire appeared to be in ruins after a notorious republican was injured by a booby-trap car bomb in the Ardoyne area of north Belfast.

Eddie Copeland, who was named in Parliament in 1994 as an alleged IRA godfather, was wounded in his right leg in an explosion as he started his car at lunchtime outside his mother's house.....Page 1

Millennium project in funding danger

Tory and Labour leaders were warned that they have only weeks to settle a political battle that threatens to scupper plans for the Millennium Exhibition. The chief executive who last week resigned from handling the £700 million project said that private companies would reject the scheme unless there is swift agreement on funding.....Page 1

Peruvian appeal

Thousands of Peruvians demonstrated in support of a compromise between President Fujimori and the rebels holding 360 hostages in the Japanese Ambassador's residence.....Pages 1, 7

Bishop accused

Roderick Wright, former Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, will never be allowed to return to a Roman Catholic Church post in Scotland, even if he repents.....Page 1, 6

Exam plea

State and independent school head teachers have joined forces to demand a postponement of changes to A and AS-level examinations, which ministers hope to implement before the general election.....Page 2

Missile dangers

Significant numbers of a Royal Navy's air-to-air missile have been withdrawn because of dangerous cracks that could make them explode on firing.....Page 2

Mystery Matilda

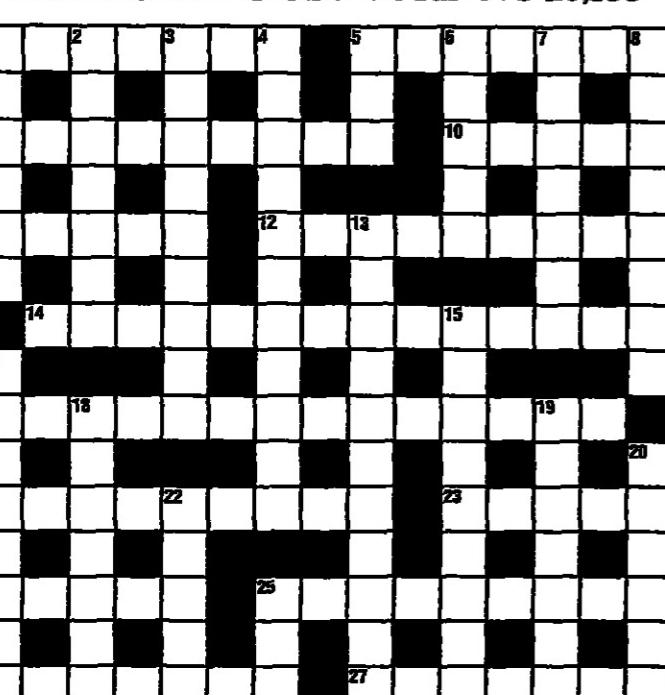
Behind the heroine of *Matilda*, the film based on Roald Dahl story likely to rate with young audiences, lies a Matilda nothing like her screen persona.....Page 3

Church struggle

A new vicar has been appointed to take charge of Selby Abbey where a power struggle has led to the resignation of three vicars in six years.....Page 4

End of the line for Christmas fun

There were all the ingredients of a festive staff party, including the feeling of the floor swaying. Aboard the 18.31 London to Brighton train, commuters were having a celebration on the last working Friday before Christmas. This year may be their last. Connex South Central, the franchise holders, are planning to remove the beloved buffet cars.....Page 5

THE TIMES CROSSWORD NO 20,358

ACROSS
1 Piano used in his art? Wrong! (7).
5 Weak young creature brought back by detectives (7).
9 Superficial leftist and German worker (9).
10 Publishers make an insistent demand (5).
11 Only June ends up in this silly fashion (5).
12 Scan Times letters for meaningful analysis (9).
14 Cold-blooded sort of photographer? (8,6).
17 Bravos are making court angry a lot, possibly (14).
21 Minor official position in sight? Then sit back (9).
23 Dandies in back street cricket side (5).
24 In Asia he advanced in a forward direction (5).
25 Animal subspecies circumventing new obstacle (9).

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3 Lodging-house proprietor shot outside lower (9).
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5 Section of poem meeting required standard (3).
6 Tree originally seen in an enclosure (5).
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15 Turned out novel, though lacking schooling (9).
16 Steel container (8).
18 Most orderly home to dine in (7).
19 Magistrate again punishing oil company employee? (7).
20 A way eastern sailors assembled at rear (6).
22 Left port with weighty cargo (5).
25 Students' leader leaves Oxford, perhaps, to work on the land (3).

HOURS OF DARKNESS

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TODAY IN THE TIMES GREAT SEASON OF SPORT

THE UNHAPPY HOOKER

Moore not the
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Saddle up
with the
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TIMES SPORT

MONDAY DECEMBER 23 1996

ZIMBABWE'S NEGATIVE BOWLING EARNS DRAMATIC DRAW IN TEST



Knight, at full stretch, makes an unavailing attempt to reach a ball wide of his off stump as the Test in Bulawayo moves towards its thrilling finish. Photograph: Clive Mason / Allsport

England held by wide boys

FROM SIMON WILDE
IN BULAWAYO

BULAWAYO (final day of five): Zimbabwe drew with England.

IT WAS one of cricket's best of days and worst of days. The country charm of Queen's Club, Bulawayo yesterday witnessed drama — and the negation of drama — as England went in frenzied pursuit of 205 runs in 37 overs to win this first Test match and Zimbabwe tried to stop them, not by taking wickets but by denying them the chance to score those runs.

In a one-day game, this would not have been permitted. The paradox is that the purest form of cricket does not yet condemn such abuses.

Alan Lee, page 20

was easily able to gather two runs with Gough, his partner, but the third was never on and Knight was run out by a country mile. "I hit it out of the middle of the bat," Knight said "but it didn't seem to go." It seemed to disappear into the grass. The scores that finished level — the third time in 134 Test matches that this has happened.

As the hot afternoon wore on, the temperature within everyone's head rose, but never boiled over. There was scope for inflammatory gestures but none was forthcoming, perhaps because this was Bulawayo rather than Bombay, Brisbane or Bridgetown.

But rarely can 2,500 people have made more noise in a cricket ground, farmers and hunters making themselves heard just as capably as the barmy army.

But the tension showed. One of the more passionate people on the ground, David Lloyd the England coach, left his players to pace the boundary edge while one of the least loquacious, Michael Atherton, the England captain, sat glued to the television monitor in the team tent. But after the game, within the space of a few minutes, Lloyd referred to Streak as one of the world's best opening bowlers and of being incapable of hitting a garage door. It was that sort of occasion.

The battle raged right until the end. Rarely does a match scheduled to last 30 hours — though this game was in fact cut by two hours through rain — come down to the last intended ball, but that is what happened here. Test cricket cannot have seen many days like it.

Zimbabwe's tactics will attract widespread criticism in England (though not publicly at least, by the England team here) but it is only right to give due credit to all the positive cricket that was played and the fact that, in the end, England were cheated more by time rather than by Zimbabwe.

By driving it to Carlisle on the cover boundary, Knight

enterprise, despite resuming on 107 for five, a lead of only 77. Robust half-centuries from Waller (on his debut) and Whitall wended England, who laboured three hours 20 minutes to claim the remaining five wickets, with at least one chance — Knight, close in, dropped Paul Strang twice in his innings — going begging.

England then responded in kind, never questioning that the stiff challenge that faced them in the fourth innings was one they should try to meet. Knight signalled their intentions by executing an extraordinary smash-pull in the first over against Streak. Although

Atherton, looking to cut everything, soon dragged the ball from Olonga into his stumps. Stewart came out with all guns blazing, as befits a man who has not failed in a Test innings for six matches.

Campbell soon settled on his two slow bowlers, Paul Strang and Grant Flower, who is no more than a part-time practitioner of left arm, as the best means of stifling the scoring, essentially through the spoiling tactic of attacking the batsman's legs.

Even so, England reached the halfway point of their 37 overs ahead of the game, at 106 for one, and, with ten

overs remaining, the score was 146 for one. Only 59 more were needed and the fields had long since betrayed Zimbabwe's lack of interest in attack, though that ought to have been their best hope of salvation. Grim defence was the order of the day.

Nevertheless Knight and Stewart were of necessity running grave risks and eventually Stewart, having struck 73 from 75 balls, miscued an attempt to swot Strang to leg again and skied a catch to Campbell.

Later in the over, Hussain made room to cover drive and chipped into the hands of Carlisle. England had lost momentum. 49 were wanted from seven overs, they were now behind the game and, as Lloyd said, "we knew what was coming".

After Strang's final over had gone for 11, what was coming came in the form of the seamers. Streak and Whitall, playing cat and mouse with the batsmen, firing one ball down the leg side, another down the off. Streak was not slow in exercising his liberal right to throw in bouncers. Knight resorted to guessing as to where the next ball might be directed.

It was not — realistically could not — be enough. By the time the last two overs remained to be bowled, Crawley and Thorpe had perished and 21 runs were still required. Of the last 12 find-me-if-you-can balls two were not scored from four produced singles, five two and one a six clipped off his pads over the square-leg boundary.

Coming from the third ball of the final over that shot briefly rekindled England's hopes and the next ball played a large part in extinguishing them. Streakbowling so far

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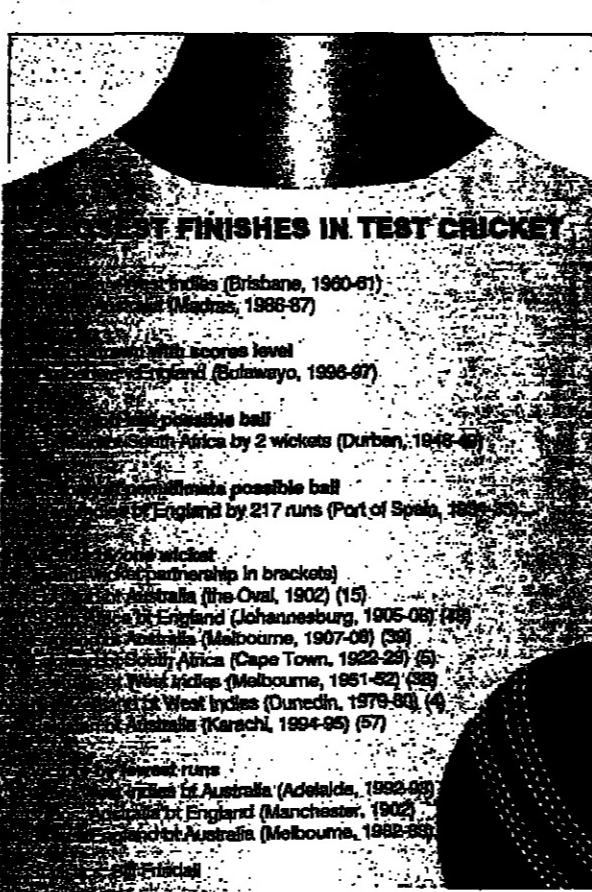
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TEST FINISHES IN TEST CRICKET

- 1 India (Brisbane, 1960-61)
- 2 India (Mumbai, 1968-69)
- 3 Australia (level) (Colombo, 1966-67)
- 4 Australia (Colombo, 1967-68)
- 5 Australia (Kolkata) (Calcutta, 1968-69)
- 6 Australia by 2 Wickets (Durban, 1968-69)
- 7 Australia possible ball (by England by 217 runs (Port of Spain, 1968-69))
- 8 Australia
- 9 Australia (Kolkata) (Calcutta, 1968-69)
- 10 Australia (Mumbai, 1969-70) (15)
- 11 England (Johannesburg, 1965-66) (28)
- 12 Australia (Melbourne, 1967-68) (39)
- 13 South Africa (Cape Town, 1962-63) (5)
- 14 West Indies (Dunedin, 1978-79) (4)
- 15 Australia (Kensington, 1964-65) (57)
- 16 Australia
- 17 Australia (Adelaide, 1962-63) (28)
- 18 Australia (Manchester, 1962-63) (28)
- 19 Australia (Melbourne, 1968-69) (28)
- 20 Australia

Master goalkeeper marks 1,000th league appearance with a clean sheet and much-needed win bonus

Shilton celebrates three zeroes and a nil

Oscar Wilde put his talent into his art and his genius into his life. It is not that Peter Shilton got them the other way round; rather, he put both talent and genius into his art, the great and mysterious art of goalkeeping, and has always had very little of either left for real life.

He played his 1,000th league game yesterday, turning out for Leyton Orient against Brighton — not quite the most distinguished fixture of a distinguished sporting life, but he kept a clean sheet as Orient won 2-0, so that was all right. There is always a good chance that a goalkeeper will make a grand occasion memorable with some disaster or other, but Shilton was given a calm and peaceful afternoon on which to make history. For, really, 1,000 games is an awful lot.

It is not only something that no one has ever done before, it is also unlikely that anyone will do it again. Unlikely that anybody will want to; unlikely

Wimbledon walloped ... 22
Proud Pearce ... 23
Rampant Rangers ... 25

that anyone will need to. Shilton was keen, extremely keen, to stress that this was a sporting achievement, and that the rest of his life was irrelevant. His minder stressed afterwards that only football questions would be answered. No, we need not mull over the various disasters that Shilton has suffered and created in the part of his life that he has lived life away from his art.

But disasters have a knack of staying in the mind. That's life, and that's goalkeeping. Indeed, Shilton's entire theory of goalkeeping is based on the notion that every goal conceded is a "personal disaster": nothing less.

He would have had his work cut out to make any kind of disaster yesterday afternoon. If all games were as peaceful, he would have no trouble at all in playing another couple of thousand. Shilton will talk of save-less afternoons that he has finished exhausted and dripping with

SIMON BARNES

on a record that may never be broken

sweat, so intense has been the energy he has poured into the match: watching, shouting, organising, commanding.

This was not such an afternoon. In fact, it was 25 minutes before he touched the ball in open play, an occasion that was suitably cheered. There really was not a save to make: a couple of punches from corners, and one headlong gather at the feet of McDonald. And that was about the extent of it.

Shilton has played in 125 internationals, and Orient are not the best team behind which he has played. It is a long way from the Premiership down here. The football on offer was — let us be kind — really not specially good.

For a while it seemed that Rust, the Brighton goalkeeper, might steal the show with a Tomaszewski-like performance, but the charmed life of the first half was not to last. Orient went ahead on the hour when Naylor poked the ball home after the Brighton defence got in a tangle. Ten minutes later, Naylor was brought down by Paris and scored himself from the penalty. There are goalkeepers who would have sprung up to the pitch to take the penalty themselves, but Shilton is not of their number. His religion is professionalism; his technique is command.

What, at the age of 47, is he doing it for? Love, perhaps also something of Steve Redgrave's noble folly. Oh — and money. Shilton's personal life is as England goalkeeper, Gor-



Rare concern for Shilton on a calm but historic day. "If all games were as peaceful, he would have no trouble playing another couple of thousand."

footballing man is prone to marital strife, drinking, financial mismanagement, gambling. Perhaps, giving himself no outlet for folly in his professional life, which has always been based on the notion of utter dependability, he felt it necessary to embark on every humdrum act of folly available.

He was once said to be earning three times as much as Margaret Thatcher, but he went on to know the repossession man. He has been petitioned, for bankruptcy. The latest in the money saga is that

he has debts of £448,000, and his 38 creditors agreed in October to give him more time to pay. So to say that he needs the money is to underestimate the matter.

Goalkeeping is not a battle for him, it is part of a strange and terrible struggle towards the ever-receding goal of solvency. The turbulent strife of the third division must be strangely peaceful, a lovely interlude amid the turmoil of his financial disasters.

Shilton is, or was, a wonderful goalkeeper: and deeply unlucky man. His predecessor as England goalkeeper, Gor-

don Banks, is always remembered for that save from Pelé. Shilton has made many wonderful saves, yet he is best remembered for his error of 1973, when Domaradzki scored for Poland in Tomaszewski's match and kept England out of the 1974 World Cup finals.

His second most memorable moment was, of course, Maradona's "Hand of God" goal. Shilton's final international appearance was marked by his mazy dribble, a rare, almost unique act of on-pitch folly that allowed Baggio to score. Goalkeepers are always present when disasters

occur: that is their function. To be associated with disaster is their fate. Shilton has had more disasters than most, but only because he has played a great deal more football than most.

In all games of football, there are two scores: the one you read in the papers, and the one you keep in your head. This is the knowledge of how you fared in your individual battles against the man or men you most regularly came up against. Whose skill was the greater? Whose will the stronger?

Shilton was the best goal-

keeper in the world when it came to winning these individual battles. He would fill the best strikers in the world with the fear of failure, obsess them with the sense that he was everywhere. Shilton is remembered as a huge man, but he is not. He was able to make himself seem huge by the extraordinary accuracy of his positioning, and the sheer strength of his will.

And it is still there, some of it. He wants a manager's job, he says, and he is taking each week as it comes. He cannot remember which was his best save or his best match. Too

many to choose from. He thinks he could still play in the Premiership. He is getting old. "You think it's going to be there forever," he said. "The it hits you. It's not. And you don't want it to finish. It's growing up, it's growing older." For Shilton, there seems to be no escape from the nets he has cast for himself.

LEYTON OIENT 0-2-3-21 P Shilton — M Ward, A Mann, R Moore — J Hendon, J Channing, M Ling, B Hedgeson (sub D Chapman), E Simm, D Naylor — C West (sub A Ingemansson), S Sturk, S Goss, D Murphy, M Higginson, H Alliston (sub N Rust) — P Smith, D Alan, G Honnor (sub R Johnson), A2, S Tuck — D Dundee (sub I Mayo), G Parry (sub J Peake), 72, K Mayo, P McDonald — C Massey, S Storey. Referee: G Singh



RUGBY UNION

Fight for survival as four face drop

BY DAVID HANDS, RUGBY CORRESPONDENT

BRISTOL and Gloucester had their differences of opinion on the field down the years, but when they meet in the Courage Clubs Championship next Sunday, they will have common ground off the field: they will be united in disapproving of the Rugby Football Union's (RFU) decision that four clubs will automatically be relegated from the first division at the end of this season.

Their views will be shared by London Irish and West Hartlepool, who will be striv- ing on Saturday to break the losing streak that has both of them enmeshed at the foot of the table, alongside Orrell, with only one league victory to their credit. Indeed, the deci-

congestion at the end of the season would not allow time for play-offs," Tony Hall, the RFU secretary, said yesterday. So the top two in the second division, positions occupied at the moment by Richmond and Newcastle, will be promoted and there will be extra zip in the stride of Coventry, the third-placed club, when they meet Richmond this weekend.

The anomaly was created by the requirement, agreed before the start of the season, to reduce the first division from 12 clubs to ten next season while there will be 14 clubs in each of the second and third divisions. The aim is to ensure greater competition throughout the top flight rather than having some of the mis-matches that have occurred this season, clubs such as Orrell and West Hartlepool suffering particularly badly.

The counter-argument comes from those clubs in no position to buy their way out of trouble. "We are trying to promote English rugby and players and, when all those other sides are buying foreign players, I find it absolutely staggering," Richard Hill, the director of rugby at Gloucester, said. Alan Davies, his counterpart at Bristol, added: "What it is saying is that, if you haven't got £1.5 million playing budget, then tough."

Both make the point that the England management would echo to the hilt that English players need encouragement rather than those from overseas (though Bristol's early-season purchases included two Ireland internationals and a Wales cap).

The competitions committee took the decision that

SAILING: SEASONAL SPIRIT SURVIVES AT SEA DESPITE INCREASING RIGOURS OF MASTERING THE GLOBAL CHALLENGE

Christmas landmarks in the middle of nowhere

Vacuum-packed turkey holds the promise of a fine festive treat for James Capstick

Do they know it? Global Challenge

The sea gods were good to us and we found ourselves in a calm sea. Having braced the mast as best we could, we removed the forestay. It was seven hours later, by this time in darkness, we hoisted full sail and were back in the race. It was a typical Ocean Rover team effort to achieve this, but special mention should go to John Hirsh, who spent several hours swinging about at the top of the mast doing a very physically demanding job.

All aboard Ocean Rover would like to wish everyone, especially those connected with the Challenge, a merry Christmas and a happy new year and, if we could have one wish, it would be for all the boats and crews to come in safe and sound to Wellington.

BT Challenge chart, page 31

BOXING DAY IN THE TIMES



GREAT GAMES

Simon Barnes continues on the best day of the sporting year by recalling the man with the golden shoes.

WORD GAMES

Test your knowledge with the prize Jumbo Sports Crossword

SWISS pair on top of podium

MICHAEL von Gruenigen beat Steve Locher, his Swiss team-mate, into second place by 0.77sec in the World Cup giant slalom on the steep Grand Risa course at Alta Badia, Italy, yesterday. Von Gruenigen, 27, was the fastest competitor in both runs for a winning combined time of 2min 32.66sec.

It was von Gruenigen's first victory of the season, and the eighth of his career. He had finished second, third and sixth in the three previous World Cup giant slaloms this season.

Locher, who trailed his team-mate by 0.02sec after the first run, finished in 2min 33.43sec. Matteo Nana, of

Italy, produced his best World Cup giant slalom performance ever to finish third, 1.49sec behind von Gruenigen. It was some consolation for the Italian supporters in the absence of Alberto Tomba, a four-time winner at Alta Badia, whose long recuperation after a fall in training continued.

Hans Knauss, the World Cup leader, was the first Austrian to finish. He came fourth, improving his placing after the first run by five positions, and increased his lead in the overall standings, where he now has 421 points.

Thomas Grandi, of Canada, finished sixth in the first run but slipped to tenth place overall as he lost his balance

and nearly fell halfway down the second run.

Warm temperatures and poor snow conditions brought about the cancellation of the women's World Cup giant slalom in Morzine, France, yesterday. It was the fourth race to be cancelled in the past ten days.

After a delayed start, International Ski Federation officials stopped the race when Barbara Merlin, of Italy, became the third of the top 19 racers to fall. With four descending, they decided to cancel the event rather than wait any longer. The next race is in Austria next weekend.

Thomas Grandi, of Canada, finished sixth in the first run but slipped to tenth place overall as he lost his balance

Results, page 31

CRICKET

Campbell century lifts West Indies morale

SHERWIN CAMPBELL hit a century to steer West Indians to a psychologically important six-wicket win over Victoria at Wanganella yesterday, four days before the start of the third Test.

Campbell, one of the few batting successes of the tour, was unbeaten with 112 as his side reached their target of 216. Jimmy Adams pulling Brad Stacey, the leg spinner, for four to finish the match 30 minutes before tea.

West Indies 2-0 down in the five-match Test series, must win at Melbourne to retain a chance of regaining the Frank Worrell Trophy. Courtney Walsh, their captain, was a happier man after the win yesterday, which was set up by Ian Bishop and Kenny Benjamin, the fast bowlers, who shared six wickets in the Victoria second innings.

By contrast, Mushtaq Mohammad, the Pakistan coach, called for his players to re-evaluate their commitment in the wake of their defeat by an innings and 69 runs by Tasmania in Hobart, where they were dismissed for 67 in their second innings on Saturday.

"We've hit the bottom now, from here we can only go one way," Mushtaq said.

FOOTBALL: WIMBLEDON ARE LEFT IN TATTERS AS THEIR UNBEATEN RUN IS BROUGHT TO AN UNCEREMONIOUS END

Milosevic trump card in Villa's nap hand

Aston Villa 5
Wimbledon 0

By ROB HUGHES
FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT

THE fascination with football is its eternal ability to confound. Wimbledon travelled to the Midlands yesterday, cocky in their self-belief, riding a sequence of 19 league and cup games without defeat, secure in the estimation of Joe Kinnear, their manager and team builder, that they possess £50 million-worth of talent in one line-up. Aston Villa became the myth busters.

After a clueless half-hour, Villa ran riot and on top of the five goals they scored, they also had three efforts disallowed for offside. Had they counted, the rout of Wimbledon would have been even greater than that two seasons ago when Villa won 7-1.

And yet, Villa's supporters are not daft. Yesterday's attendance was well below the recent 39,000 visitors to Villa Park, the home fans staying

Full results and league tables . Page 24



Milosevic strides into the penalty area and flicks the ball past Sullivan, the Wimbledon goalkeeper, to score Aston Villa's second goal in their 5-0 victory yesterday

away in anticipation of a dull match with Villa scarcely able to conjure up a goal a game and Wimbledon conceding only seven in eight away matches in the FA Carling Premiership.

On top of that, the shops were open this Sunday before Christmas ... and who could blame Villa supporters if they preferred to see Zola caress the ball here for Chelsea on Boxing Day than to see Virgil Jones what he does?

Little did anyone suspect that we were to witness a Villa record of five successive Premiership wins. The chill factor, it was -7in the wind, seemed to seep into the players' minds; both teams were playing miserly football, with Wimbledon contriving to squeeze the lifeblood out of the occasion by defending with two solid walls of four defenders in front of Sullivan.

Villa had so much of the ball, but so little wit and invention, so little imagination in terms of using the spaces on the flanks. They simply played the ball up to the feet of Milosevic and he, for all his control and his ability to hold the ball up, was unable to evade the posse of royal blue

shirts surrounding him. Thus, one volley over the bar from Leonardsen, one shot curled wide by Draper, and several awesomely long throw-ins from Jones was all that ward off the bitter cold.

In the 37th minute, that changed dramatically. Yorke had, erroneously, been ruled offside when he scored from Taylor's short pass. However, Sullivan's free kick to Cunningham rebounded on Wimbledon. The full back negligently betrayed all the calm defending that had gone before, simply gave the ball back to Yorke and he, one against one with the goalkeeper, gleefully drove the ball into the net for his ninth goal in the

Premiership this season. Four minutes later Milosevic doubled the score.

Again Wimbledon co-operated, again a defender, Perry, provided the through ball, misdirecting his header. Milosevic, who only weeks ago would have transferred to Perugia, had the Italian club paid the agreed price, showed tremendous upper-body strength to hold off the flailing Blackwell and, bellying the fact that he had not scored since September 7, almost nonchalantly flicked the ball past Sullivan with the outside of his left boot.

The grime of Wimbledon's intent was exposed, and just after the hour Fernando

Nelson, though left ruefully on the turf after running into Jones, began a sweeping five-man move that led to the third goal. From Nelson's pass Wright, Yorke and Stanton combined and, though Sullivan made a relay stop from Milosevic, Taylor was beside him to head the ball over the line.

Briefly Jones became virtuous, attempting an overhead kick from seven yards that bounced tantalisingly the wrong side of a post. Villa, though, were now in the form they showed last season, moving on and off the ball with nimbleness and self belief that mesmerised the opposition. No surprise, then, that

Milosevic, hearing his name announced over the tannoy as man of the match, scored a fourth goal. He almost strangled Townsend, his own captain, out of the way to claim the ball, powered forward and shot. The ball was deflected in off the foot of Blackwell, and though the committee will sooner or later chalk this one up as an own goal, who had the heartiest?

Deceptively lumbering in stride, and yet with such fine technique with the left foot, Milosevic was the perfect shield for the stealth, the balance, the refined elusiveness of Yorke. It was his partner who rounded off the

scoring in the 86th minute. Once again Milosevic prompted the move.

His cheeky through ball was anticipated by Taylor, and then Curci, the substitute for Draper, accepted a pass, chipped the ball into the six-yard box and Yorke poached the goal.

Thus were Wimbledon undone. Their barrenness, their inability to change tactics or to release the two sprinters, Okoko and Gayle, made the past three months, during which they had claimed ten victories in 14 unbeaten Premiership games, look an absolute fallacy. They do work hard, but yesterday Villa worked harder and with a

more incisive edge. The next few weeks, during which there are guaranteed full houses at Villa Park, will tell whether the home team, now in fourth place, have real pedigree.

They face Chelsea at home,

travel to Arsenal and Manchester United, play host to Newcastle United and then are away to Liverpool. After that, Wimbledon and the rout before Christmas will be long forgotten.

ARTON VILLA (3-5-2): M Beasant — U Sotiriou, S Dicks, C Taylor, Tzortzis, R Schmid — F Nelson, J Taylor, M Draper (sub: S Curci, 78), A Townsend, A Wright — D Yorke, S Milosevic.

WIMBLEDON (4-4-2): N Sullivan — K Blackwell, C Perry (sub: B McAllister, 85), A Kimble — N Ardley, R Earle, V Jones, O Leach — M Gayle, E Black.

Referee: P Dunn.

CANTONA made it memorable 12 minutes from time. Just inside the Sunderland half, with no apparent escape as terriers such as Ball and Ord snapped at his heels, finding a team-mate for a pass looked like a difficult enough ambition.

Instead, a slimy, some slight of foot and Cantona had broken free, leaving two terriers following the wrong scent, had found McClair and was running on strongly. McClair's perfectly weighted return pass sent Cantona past Melville to chip the ball over Perez and in off the post.

"I had the perfect view of that from where I was sitting, and I was trying to blow it over the bar," Reid said. "If I wasn't the opposition manager, I might say that goal was worth seeing to see."

MANCHESTER UNITED (3-5-2): P Schmeichel — G Innes, D May, G Pallister (sub: B McClellan, 48min), N Keown, P. Solskjær, R Giggs (sub: B Thomas, 83), P Neville, E Cantona, B. Söderqvist (sub: Potomny, 53).

SUNDERLAND (4-4-2): L. Parker, G. Hall, A Martin, R. Keegan, D. Kelly, M. Gray (sub: M. Bridges, 63) — A. Rae (sub: P. Stewart, 63). Referee: P Dunn.

Zola: marvellous goal

it up and lay it off was shown to perfection. It reminded you how badly Manchester United have missed him since they let him go. He scored twice, after six and 36 minutes, and could, like Zola, have had more.

From Zola's subtle flick, Hughes pivoted and hit a low shot that crept in between Miklosko and the left-hand post. His second was headed in from a long cross from the right by Petrescu; but where was Riiper, where was Bilic? The two tall centre halves were surely obliged to head such balls away.

Very briefly, West Ham

looked as if they might come

back into the game, when

Porfirio, their little Portuguese

player, beat Grodias with a

crisp, left-footed shot from the

edge of the box to make it 2-1.

By and large, though, West Ham simply were not at the

races.

Di Matteo, the Italy interna-

tional, returned to Chelsea's

midfield after some unhappy

weeks with club and country

and began to look his old,

creative self. The question is

whether Chelsea, brushed

aside by Leeds United and

Sunderland, can play this

kind of football away from

Stamford Bridge, against

teams less malleable than

West Ham?

"At the start of the season,

we were very comfortable

away from home — I hope that

we can get that back," Golit,

who played at centre back,

said optimistically. Zola was

optimistic, too. "I think not

only the club Chelsea, I think

is the problem with other

teams, because in England is

very, very hard when you go to

play outside. You find teams

very strong, very physical,

very aggressive. But I

think if you are organised you

can win."

If you have Zola,

Chelsea (3-5-2): F. Reina — R. Galt, S. Clarke, M. Di Matteo, D. Venables, C. Burns, R. Di Matteo, E. Newton, N. Clement (sub: A. Myers, 60min) — G. Zola, M. Hughes.

WEST HAM UNITED (3-5-2): M. McDonald — M. St John, S. Doherty, J. Johnson (sub: D. Whisker, 78), I. Bishop, S. Lampard, E. Lampard, M. Hughes, M. Bowen — N. Nevill, H. Portillo.

Referee: A. Wilkes.

Peacock in mind ga to put i on their t

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Graham back i

Zola weaves his magic to leave sad West Ham in a trance

Chelsea 3

West Ham United 1

By BRIAN GLANVILLE

GIANFRANCO ZOLA said that he should have been warned about Julian Dicks. Dicks, though he did twice save his team in extremis and almost scored with a header, no doubt wished that he had been warned about Zola.

When asked whether he had known of Dicks's formidable reputation, Zola, in his engaging English, said: "I think he could say me that before."

Whether being forewarned would have enabled Dicks to stop Zola from scoring his marvelous goal is disputable. Zola, the little Sardinian, came racing in from the right, went inside the challenging Dicks, jinked outside him, left him marooned, and went on to shoot into the left-hand corner of Miklosko's goal.

That was after ten minutes, and was Chelsea's second goal. "Today I played a good game," Zola said. "I think I could score more." I think he could. On at least a couple of other occasions he swept through West Ham United's incoherent defence and narrowly missed.

His partnership with Hughes was devastating. "The crowd like him," Ruud Gullit, the Chelsea player-manager, said. "He stole their hearts. I think both strikers were world class. I think they made it very difficult for the opposition."

Harry Redknapp, the West Ham manager, admitted that he had nobody capable of man-marking Zola. "You don't give goals away like we did and win football matches," he said. Least of all when you have Zola and Hughes against you, working so dynamically in tandem. So much so that you wonder whether Villa, when fit again, will be paired with Hughes, when they seem to duplicate rather than complement one another.

Hughes had his best game for ages. His ability to take the ball with his back to goal, hold

the ball

back

the ball

THE TIMES MONDAY DECEMBER 23 1996

FOOTBALL: MASTER MOTIVATOR BRINGS RELIEF TO CITY GROUND WITH RARE PREMIERSHIP TRIUMPH

Pearce wins mind game to put Forest on their feet

Oliver Holt sees Arsenal beaten by a team galvanised into positive action

The casual autograph hunters and the malingers jostling Ian Wright as he sat motionless on the Arsenal coach had disappeared over Trent Bridge long before Stuart Pearce emerged from the changing rooms into the car park at the City Ground on Saturday night. A reluctant speaker, he muttered a few words before he sank into his BMW. "I think I'll quit now while I'm on top," he said.

On top? At the summit would be more like it, flag driven deep into the snow, lank, blood hair blowing in the wind. On Saturday Pearce became a walking one-man football club: caretaker-manager as well as player, captain and supporters' favourite. They still idolise him as "Psycho", but you can forget Norman Bates. If his popularity rating soars any higher, it will be right up there with Robin Hood's.

His personal triumph in Euro 96, the violent catharsis of his successful penalty in the quarter-final shoot-out against Spain, was one thing. That brought him redemption after his failure six years before against West Germany. On Saturday, he ended another long wait when, in his first game in charge of Nottingham Forest, he inspired them to their first FA Carling Premiership victory since the opening day of the season.

His famous fists were in evidence again, not scything through the air as they did against Spain but clenched, knuckles white, close to his chest in thanks when the final whistle blew. Forest had not won for 16 games but, just as Frank Clark had suspected when he resigned as manager last week, the influence of Pearce was enough to take them beyond a team of even阿森纳的成就。

After the 2-1 win, courtesy of two sharply taken goals by Haaland and the depletion of Arsenal after Wright's second-half dismissal for foolish retaliation against Jermaine Jenas, Pearce gave much of the credit for the win to his predecessor. "This one's for the gaffer," he

told Alan Hill, his assistant. In the car park, he even mocked his own contribution, saying that he and his wife had put all the players' names into a hat on Friday night and picked the team that way. "I thought I had quite a good side," he said, "and then I realised I had got 12 players on the team."

The evidence, though, told a different story. Pearce changed the 4-4-2 formation used by Clark to the 3-5-2 favoured by Terry Venables during Euro 96, pushing Cooper into midfield to stifle Merson. Forest still look inept in attack and, at times in the first half, Bergkamp and Wright bamboozled their defence with their darting runs and sharp passing, but ultimately it paid off.

More than that, there were hints from Hill, Clark's assistant also, that Pearce may possess some of the motivational talents of Brian Clough. Before the game there was plenty of straight talk, the promise from the new boss to ignore the off-field antics of his charges as long as they performed on the pitch. After the game, Hill said, Pearce went round hugging every player.

Only Liverpool and Manchester United had beaten Arsenal this season before Forest managed it on Saturday and, although their victory kept Arsenal from the top of the table, it was not enough to lift Forest off the bottom. There was little euphoria from Pearce, just hard-edged realism.

"The boys worked very hard for me today," he said. "It is important that I get their backing and today showed me that they were behind me as well as the fans. We have won a match today, but we are still bottom of the league and we have got a lot of work to do."

"Football is a difficult enough game without managing as well, but I am always nervous before a game anyway because my reputation is on the line every time I go out there. I was pleased with the way the tactics worked out and even though Wright getting sent off handed us the game a



Clough, right, and Pearce celebrate a job well done after Haaland's scrambled winner for Nottingham Forest

bit out there, there was something special about the atmosphere. I could feel it."

Irving Korn, the Forest chairman, said that Pearce would remain as caretaker manager until the middle of January, when the situation would be discussed again. There was already speculation last night, though, that Nigel Clough, who has been signed on a month's loan from

Manchester City and played the second half on Saturday, will be installed as Forest's assistant manager when the ownership of the club is resolved next month.

The introduction of Clough, immediately after Wright had capitalised on a dropped catch by Crossley to put Arsenal ahead in the 63rd minute, seemed to add an extra dimension to Forest's play and

within four minutes, Haaland had equalised after Saunders, playing as a wing back, had outwitted Winterburn and Platt and crossed for Haaland to sweep home.

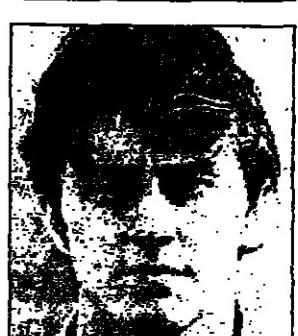
Wright became the third Arsenal player to be sent off in successive away games soon afterwards and Haaland sealed the points after a scramble two minutes from the end. There was one last alarm

when Merson galloped through the middle on to a Harison flick, but there was a defender there with a saving tackle. It was Stuart Pearce.

NOTTINGHAM FOREST (3-5-2): M Crossley — N Jermain (sub: D Lytle, 82min), M Chester, P Keane, D Winterburn, A Merson, C Platt, J Wootton, S Allen (sub: P Merson, D Platt, N Winterburn, B Bergkamp (sub: J Harison, 75) — I Wright. Referee: S J Lodge.

Winning way to avoid the holiday blues

STEVE McMANAMAN



offers a footballer's seasonal thoughts

There is nothing like playing in front of a passionate crowd, because you can't fail to be anything but inspired.

We know that Newcastle will come at us, and create chances because of the tremendous attacking players they have, but we know, too, that we will also create chances, as we have in just about every game this season. The key, I believe, will be our defence. We have scored goals, but let a few soft ones in as well.

It would be some Christmas present to get a result. It is not the best time for a footballer, because you can hardly push the boat out over the holiday period. In fact, it is the first time in eight years that Liverpool have been at home on Boxing Day, so I will spend Christmas night at home for the first time since I got into the first team.

Normally, it is training on Christmas morning, home for dinner, and then off to catch the coach for a hotel. This year there will still be training, and of course we have to be careful what we eat, but at least I will be able to see the end of that James Bond film that I normally miss.

Not that I am complaining. It is something you just accept. I suppose it can be difficult for players with families, because they will hardly see anything of the wife and kids throughout the holiday. Football is a player's life, and everything has to be dedicated to it; diet, social life, even holidays.

This year we are top of the table and there is an awful lot at stake over the next few weeks. We are a confident team, and we go into every match believing we can win because such an attitude is vital. We have a positive view of the challenge ahead. If we can emerge in January still top of the table then, it will have been a successful holiday period. So here's hoping for a happy holiday for Liverpool, and for all the readers of this column. Merry Christmas.

Good-bye battery



Welcome to the future: Seiko Kinetic, the first quartz watch that turns your movement into power. Every move you make is converted into electrical impulses by a tiny built-in powerhouse. Ecological, reliable and efficient: wear it one day to gain energy for at least two weeks. Made of titanium: light, yet strong and kind to your skin. 20 bar water resistant. One-way rotating bezel and screw lock crown. Seiko Kinetic - it's built to last. Someday all watches will be made this way.

**SEIKO
KINETIC**

Seiko Kinetic at: <http://www.seiko.com.co.jp>

Dublin shows way forward

Leicester City 0
Coventry City 2

By RICHARD HOBSON

AN EVENING watching Cilla Black may not be everybody's idea of compulsive viewing, but Gordon Strachan, the Coventry City manager, was ready to enjoy his Saturday night in front of the television. "We are out of the bottom three and suddenly the world seems a happier place," he said. "For the first time in weeks I can watch *Blind Date* properly without having to worry about the football."

It seemed a low key celebration, but then again Strachan, although new to management, has enough experience to know that it is far too early in the season to raise a glass and toast survival. On nine occasions in the past 30 seasons, Coventry have avoided relegation only in their final game.

Victory against Newcastle United last Tuesday was the first since Strachan succeeded

Ron Atkinson, and this win against Leicester City was arguably more important, given that the sides could become even closer rivals as the fight to avoid relegation intensifies.

Dublin, barring injury, will be an influential figure for Coventry, but not necessarily in his favoured role as a striker. Strachan's jiggery-pokery has seen Dublin move to the defence and the irony is that, by going back, Dublin has rediscovered the scoring touch that made him Coventry's leading scorer in each of the past two seasons. Twice now, he has scored from the penalty spot, once from a corner in the eleventh minute, the second after 72 minutes.

Strachan acknowledged that Dublin the defender still has a few things to learn, although on two occasions he recovered ground admirably to block Healey before he could shoot. When Marshall put an effort on target, Ogrizovic, a veteran of four of those last-ditch escapes, turned his header away athletically.

At least he is in a position to be able to add to his staff shortly after scouring the Continent. "I do not want to build up the hopes of our supporters by saying that we are signing five players tomorrow, but I am genuinely hopeful that something comes about as a result of the ground work," O'Neill said.

LEICESTER CITY (3-5-2): K. Keeler — S. Prior, C. Hill (sub: G. Parker, 76min), I. Marshall, S. Grayson, S. Taylor, N. Lennon, E. Town, P. Keeney — S. Clarke, E. O'Neill.

COVENTRY CITY (3-5-2): S. Ogrizovic — D. Dublin, L. Dales, R. Shaw — P. Teller, G. McAllister, K. Richardson, P. Williams, J. Scott, N. Whelehan, D. Huckerby (sub: E. Jess, 80). Referee: G. Barber.

Team spirit cheers Souness

Southampton 3
Derby County 1

By KEITH PRICE

THE CAN OF worms that Bryan Robson opened on Friday lunchtime had, by the next afternoon, wriggled all the way down to the South Coast. Had Teesside logic been applied at The Dell, this match would not have taken place, but, as Southampton proved, absence can make a team's heart grow stronger at less self-interested clubs.

It is possible to imagine Graeme Souness, the Southampton manager, after digesting the news of Middlesbrough's decision to call off their game against Blackburn Rovers, penning the following note to the FA Carling Premiership: "Dear Sirs, we have lost our previous five league games and we have not managed to take three points off anybody since April 1992 when Matthew Le Tissier has been unavailable.

Therefore, we will not be turning up." Turn up, though, they did, to win, without Le Tissier, delighting Souness with a wholehearted performance and a victory that lifted them two places and out of the relegation zone.

What of Jim Smith,

Souness's opposite number,

who was deprived of two of

the three players who have

been so instrumental for Derby County this season? No

McGrath, his outstanding de-

fender, and no Sturridge, his

leading striker; but no pleas

for postponements or excuses

in defeat, either.

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RUGBY UNION: FORMER ENGLAND HOOKER UNHAPPY AS DISMISSAL COSTS RICHMOND A FIRST DIVISION SCALP

Sale the merrier as Moore awaits verdict

Sale 34
Richmond 30

By DAVID HANDS
RUGBY CORRESPONDENT

WHETHER or not Brian Moore contests any ban that may follow the dismissal that he suffered on Saturday, nothing will put Richmond back into the hat for the draw for the sixth round of the Pilkington Cup today. Yet, what they have learned from the exciting but severely flawed contest with Sale at Heywood Road should serve them well in their crusade for promotion to the first division this season.

Had Moore, the former England hooker, remained on the pitch, Richmond would surely have beaten one of England's top six clubs and proved to any doubters that money has made them a formidable force. They would have played the final quarter at full strength and the presence of an extra back-row forward might have prevented David Rees from scoring the try that put Sale back into a tie that was moving rapidly away from them.

It was one of three critical decisions made by Chris White, all of which went Sale's way on a day when they scarcely deserved it. Yet White had no doubt about their validity: a penalty try in the first half allowed Sale to look upwards from the abyss of a 19-3 deficit; Moore's dismissal for dangerous use of the feet imbalanced the teams; and an off-the-ball scrum between Adrian Hadley and Jim Fallon was awarded Hadley's way and allowed Simon Mannix to kick the points that edged Sale ahead a minute from time.

The penalty try was awarded for a high tackle on Mannix by Adrian Boyd only a couple of metres away from the referee's dismissal, again, was under the official's nose after he already had his hand raised for a penalty to Richmond for a collapsed maul. Moore, in possession, continued to drive over a recumbent Sale forward and White reached for the red card.

Moor's reaction was one of incredulity, while his club will consider, probably today, whether they need to take



Yates keeps Sale in touch against Richmond at Heywood Road on Saturday, with a try from a tapped penalty early in the second half

action themselves. The mandatory punishment is a 60-day suspension, but Moore said that "in the circumstances, I would consider fighting that. It was no 60-day offence." He makes the point that players in the southern hemisphere do not contest lost causes and the game is better for it, but, until players in Great Britain adopt the same approach, referees will continue to take such action.

"Brian has been fantastic for us this year," John Kingston, the Richmond director of coaching, said. "He is a major reason why the team spirit is as high as it is."

During Kingston's 2½ years as chief coach, Richmond's seniors have not received a yellow card, never mind a red one, and he feels that good discipline is one of the side's great attributes.

John Mitchell, the Sale coach, admitted that he had seen far worse than this offence in his native New Zealand. "If a person is deliberately killing the ball, he must be rucked away," Mitchell said, agreeing that Moore's departure was critical. It forced Richmond to remove Paul Carr, their lock, so that Andy Cuthbert could take the field to hook, and Ben Clarke

moved into the second row. Since Rees' try, well-taken though it was, came from a set scrum, the lack of cover needs no elucidation.

In the first quarter, Sale had done everything possible to throw the game away. A popped-up pass by Dewi Morris gave Andy Moore the easiest of interception tries; Beim, standing in at full back for Jim Mallinder (absent with influenza), ran himself into trouble and conceded a penalty; offside and lineout obstruction created two more and Mason kicked the goals.

Much of the first half resembled nothing more than a game of rugby league played by rugby union clubs (five of the participants have played the other code), with all the lack of variety that implies. Though Sale turned round only 22-16 down, they found Richmond in imperious mood, running incisively against them so that Quinnell and Hutton were able to send Mason over for a second try.

Yates bullocked his way

over from a tapped penalty, but Mason's sixth penalty goal gave Richmond a nine-point cushion. "In the period after half-time, Richmond played the new laws just the way they should be played," Mitchell said. "Possibly after Moore

were sent off, they went into their shells a bit. It has been difficult getting through to the team that the scrum is the best attacking platform under the new laws."

Certainly, this was a game of far more scrums than lineouts, which speaks volumes for both teams' ability to recycle ball though not necessarily their good use of it. Yet cometh the hour ... Rees, 22, the wing whose season has been haunted by a back injury and hamstring problems, replaced the injured Devereux and received almost his first touch of the ball when Erskine



Mannix celebrates his late conversion for Sale

and Dewi Morris broke from a scrum. Rees cut back inside his scrum half, swerved through the cover in the manner that has earned him the sobriquet of "Billy Whiz" and weaved past Mason to the posts. Mannix converted his and his penalty goal, after Fallow was perceived to have offered the first punch in his wrestling contest with Hadley, gave Sale the lead.

Even then, 14-man Richmond forced their way into a position from which Mason could drop for goal, but Mannix charged down the attempt and added insult to injury by kicking the penalty goal when West was ruled offside at the other end in exactly the same circumstances.

SCORERS: Sale: Yates, Rees, Morris (2), Conversion: Morris (2). Penalty goals: Morris (5). Richmond: A. Moore, Mason (Conversion), Mannix (2), Conversion: Mannix (6). Sale: T. Yates, C. Rees, J. Fallow, Devereux, A. Hadley, S. Mannix, D. Morris, P. Smith, S. Diamond, A. Smith, N. Ashurst, D. Baldwin, J. Fowles, A. D. Dudson, G. Quinnell, D. Hutton, D. Rees, J. Quinnell, A. Morris replaced by D. O'Grady (65).

RICHMOND: S. Mason, J. Fallow, A. Baldwin, M. Hutton, S. Brown, A. Boyd, A. Hadley, S. Mannix, D. Morris, D. Devereux, P. Carr, R. West, B. Clarke, G. Quinnell, C. Corr replaced by A. Culbert (65). Reference: C. White (Gloucester)

Orrell go to extra lengths to secure progress

**Orrell
Bedford
By MICHAEL AYLWIN**

IT IS difficult to know what to start in describing extraordinary Pilkington tie. Orrell won, but that they tell the whole story doing so they continue to win began a fortnight with their first league win the season, against Hartlepool. How long can sustain this improvement remains to be seen. I were less than convincing against their visitors from second division on Saturday.

Nevertheless, they won game late in extra time, being reduced to 14 men the 48th minute. Rich Higgs, the open-side flanker, was controversially sent for an off-the-ball incision with Ian Skinsley, the 1st ford No. 8. Skinsley lucky not to go with him, he was immediately replaced anyway by the last kid on the M6.

Paramore's introduction along with that of S. McCurrie, the rampaging hooker, shortly afterwards served as a vigorous fillip Bedford's approach work twice they had seemingly the match. Victory was initially denied by the last kid on the M6, with which Hitchmough landed a penalty goal to bring Orrell level 19-19 and prolong an era.

Bedford seemed to have game won again early in the time with tries from Ma Offiah, who had an otherwise miserable afternoon, and Whetstone, which opened a 31-22 lead, yet Hitchmough had by then given Orrell a try to prove to be the decisive when he kicked a sin penalty goal. Paul Ha further closed the gap when he went in under the gap after some poor Bedford fending at the end of the period, and the coup de grace was applied by the very Nigel Heslop midway through the second period.

Paul Turner, the Bedford player-coach who had taken out of the game by a tackle in the sixth minute, exasperated at how care his team had been with lead, while Peter Willia the Orrell coach, felt that t should have won in the 80 minutes. In truth, neither side was particularly won for, perfect, but it was a spectacle, nonetheless.

ORRELL: Tries: A. Offiah, H. Whetstone, R. Hitchmough (2). Penalties: Hitchmough (3). Dropped g. **BEDFORD:** Tries: M. Offiah, W. Whetstone, C. McCurrie. Conversions: Ryan Penalties: Royer (4).

CHELTENHAM: C. Cuthbert, M. Peters, D. Cache, M. Roberts, M. Lloyd, M. Mapleton, S. Bentor, A. Windle, P. Greening, A. Deacon, P. Glanville, R. Fidler, S. Sims, I. Townsend, P. Lycett, C. Tait, C. Lloyd (1), C. Cookson replaced by J. Bradley (79).

FEAT: M. Raye, P. Hewitt, B. H. Stone, M. Peache, M. Offiah, P. Turner, P. Prob. Winter, R. White, S. Murphy, M. Offiah, S. Murphy, Turner replaced by M. Offiah (45). **STOURPORT:** C. Cuthbert, M. Peters, D. Cache, M. Roberts, M. Lloyd, M. Mapleton, D. Edwards, P. Johnson, M. Appling, G. Arnott, M. Cartwright, G. Baldwin, M. Luhrsen, M. Shelly, N. Gross, P. Davies, C. Radican, P. Greening, J. Arnott, Arnott replaced by R. Morgan (40m). **Reference:** C. White (Gloucester)

feat: T. Fisher (Manchester)

Cheltenham put on country style

Harlequins 47
Cheltenham 11

By PETER BILLS

GIANTS against minnows, Pilkington Cup fifth round. The top guns, lucky souls, even get a cushy home tie against the unknowns from the country. Easy, easy.

Harlequins were never in danger of losing this tie at the freezing Stoop, or, rather, the new Stoop. The £5 million East Stand was fully operational for the first time and the cosy hospitality boxes, with their food, drinks and colour-television, looked splendidly warm and inviting.

Outside, in a wind that had made in the Arctic stamped upon it, Harlequins scored nine tries to one. This was no sad day or dismal performance by the men from Cheltenham, however.

Indeed, convincing proof that the heart of English rugby continues to beat strongly in

Full details from the Pilkington Cup 31

the shires was offered by Cheltenham. This was their cup final and they enjoyed it to the last. Six coach-loads of noisy supporters made their presence felt. The players were applauded off by all at the end and then returned by popular request for another bow. They deserved it, too.

That Harlequins inhabit another world is manifestly apparent, but not once did Cheltenham tug the forelock in acknowledgement of their esteemed opponents. The splendidly combative back-row of Burton, Morris and Masters tackled every opponent they could reach.

Oakey, too, battled diligently and the midfield put in more tackles on those famous Harlequin names than the likes of Gloucester, London Irish and Orrell in earlier league matches.

Pace told in the end, and the craft of Paul and Connolly, the rugby league duo, was decisive in creating scoring opportunities. O'Leary being the main beneficiary, with four. Cheltenham, led by Preedy, the former Gloucester and England prop, kept on raising

their game. They started much the better, lifted themselves when an avalanche threatened at 37-6 with almost half an hour remaining, and then finished the stronger. That took some doing against professional players who train full time. The series of injuries that Harlequins suffered after half-time clearly disrupted them, however. With Leonard at lock and Wood in the back row, the Harlequins pack resembled a jigsaw with all its pieces deliberately out of place.

Nevertheless, Andy Cuthbert, the Cheltenham coach, rightly praised his players' efforts and was looking forward to a lively party at a West Country inn on the way home. "We stuck at it and some of our tackling was outstanding," he said. "We mauled a lot more than them in the first half."

It was a very spirited performance which will give us confidence in our building process. We learnt that we are capable of playing better rugby than division four south level, but we also learnt that the higher up you go the more your mistakes are punished. Harlequins' handling and pace on the ball was much quicker than ours, too."

Harlequins established a 27-3 lead with the icy wind behind them in the first half. After Preedy had been within three yards of the Harlequins line in an early Cheltenham attack, Connolly scored twice in 11 minutes and Paul scored his first before making O'Leary's first try.

Pilgrim could make nothing of Bath's injury list is the least of their worries. Six internationals, including Phil de Glanville and Mike Catt, were unavailable because of injury. It says much for Bath, the Cup holders, that, even with so many absences, they prevented London Irish from scoring any points, as well as running in five tries themselves.

More worrying for Bath, however, are the repercussions of a fracas in a local wine bar after the stunning victory over Harlequins on December 7. Celebrations allegedly ended with the police being called and one player clambering on to the top of a police car and then racing off into the night when faced with arrest. In a separate incident John Hall, the director of rugby, was arrested and has been released on police bail until January 17.

More worrying than that is

Gloucester 55
Leeds 20

By BRYAN STYLES

MARK MAPLETOFT scents success and is in a hurry to achieve it. After missing almost two seasons with a troublesome knee injury, he has been making great strides this season. He added to his growing reputation on Saturday by collecting 30 points for Gloucester in this Pilkington Cup fifth-round game.

Having recently played for England

A, he must be ranked among the best half-dozen stand-on halves in the country, even though he has played in the position only 16 times for his club.

With the England No 10 position producing such animated debate, anyone provoking such flattering headlines as Mapletoft must be taken

seriously. His displays have drawn criticism, however, particularly about his decision-making and his tactical kicking.

One of his strongest supporters — and critics — is Richard Hill, his club's director of rugby. "I was cursing him in the first half," Hill said. "He drives you mad at times with what he does, but we knew he would do something, and he did; he scored two unorthodox tries. He is getting better, but he is very inexperienced."

Hill clearly does not want to see one

of his blossoming players wilting under any effort to rush him to the top too quickly. Mapletoft had an error-strewn first 20 minutes against a lively Leeds side who operate in the third division of the Courage Clubs Championship, two levels below Gloucester.

He had more made up for that

when he started the game of rugby played by by rugby union clubs (five of the participants have played the other code), with all the lack of variety that implies. Though Sale turned round only 22-16 down, they found Richmond in imperious mood, running incisively against them so that Quinnell and Hutton were able to send Mason over for a second try.

Yates bullocked his way

over from a tapped penalty, but Mason's sixth penalty goal gave Richmond a nine-point cushion. "In the period after half-time, Richmond played the new laws just the way they should be played," Mitchell said. "Possibly after Moore

were sent off, they went into their shells a bit. It has been difficult getting through to the team that the scrum is the best attacking platform under the new laws."

Certainly, this was a game of

far more scrums than lineouts, which speaks volumes for both teams' ability to recycle ball though not necessarily their good use of it. Yet cometh the hour ... Rees, 22, the wing whose season has been haunted by a back injury and hamstring problems, replaced the injured Devereux and received almost his first touch of the ball when Erskine

Gloucester a 21-6 lead at the interval. Leeds' hopes soared when the scores narrowed to 29-20, but Gloucester developed an attacking rhythm that they could not resist.

The highlights of the sprints were two individual tries by Mapletoft. His first came when he saw the action moving to the right and took off on a huge loop to the left. The other arrived when he rounded off a piercing attack by chipping over the defence and beating everyone to the touchdown.

The Leeds pack was led by Phil Davies, that redoubtable Wales lock, who added a touch of steel to the forward exchanges and did his share of ball stealing in the lineout.

Leeds' only score in the first half were two penalty goals by Ainscough in answer to three from Mapletoft and tries from Lloyd and Sims, which gave

Gloucester a 21-6 lead at the interval.

Leeds' hopes soared when the scores narrowed to 29-20, but Gloucester developed an attacking rhythm that they could not resist.

The highlights of the sprints were two

individual tries by Mapletoft. His first came when he saw the action moving to the right and took off on a huge loop to the left. The other arrived when he rounded off a piercing attack by chipping over the defence and beating everyone to the touchdown.

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From Grayson, whom Preston converted from a footballer at Accrington Stanley after he turned up at the Grasshoppers' clubhouse for a drink, there had been fair warning.

Opposite him at stand-off on Saturday, Steve Kerr, a

returnee from eight weeks

rugby league, offered in touches and variety initially

including a crash ball in with the lively Cheswirthwaite defence for Ian Ashton had their afternoon.

Kerry, however, found the

home with the capricious winds at Preston's expo ground. A straightforward missed kick, Kerry's foul

second time, Townsend's

penalty, his own error and

the arrival of Tim Rodber, his

happiest tackling, poor positional play and general indecision have been exposed recently at international level. Here, the problems were exposed by junior opposition from the fourth division north, who also succeeded in keeping Powney, one of the best young open-side flankers in the country, quiet.

The golden moments of the sporting year are recalled in a new series by Times writers

Tendulkar opens the door to a whole new world

When the cricket World Cup was in need of resuscitation, the change was stunning. Michael Henderson saw it all

The best day of the year began pavilioned in splendour and gilded with praise. In front of a crowd of 10,000 Indians, who were there to see Sachin Tendulkar, the local champion, and their team to victory. Australia brought the cricket World Cup to life in magnificence style in Bombay.

There are not many games one-day cricket that remain in the memory, but the day after February 27 was one. It would be fairer to say that it was an outstanding match that took place in a limited-overs context, for, in terms of intensity and skill, it came as close to matching that cricket as a one-day game ever will. Australia won by 16 runs, and deserved to, the quality of Tendulkar's innings, and the occasion itself, ensured that there was far more to the day than winning and losing.

The sense of expectation was palpable. All India sensed that the World Cup was returning to their keeping. Their team had just beaten West Indies with Tendulkar playing the bowler, and Australia, who refused to go to Sri Lanka because they feared for their security, had yet to play a meaningful competitive match. To be frank, the first few weeks of the World Cup amounted to a phoney war, and cannot have engaged the interest of many people beyond the sub-continent.

Bombay changed all that. Just walking to the ground at lunchtime through the crowds, was a special thrill. It was no surprise that Mark Nicholas, of *The Daily Telegraph*, and I lost our sense of geography and ended up at the wrong entrance, having to cross a railway line to reach the Wankhede Stadium.

At that point an extremely efficient army officer, *lathi* in

hand, confiscated the (English) newspapers I had brought, insisting that they represented a fire hazard that could not be tolerated. When Nicholas stepped in with an equally brisk command, that English journalists would brook no restriction of their duties by a mere underling, he submitted.

That incident bore the stamp of the World Cup. Although it was an interna-

tional competition, it was run less capably than a parish bazaar — and it was to get worse.

A reporter from *The Sunday Telegraph*, who had arrived in Bombay that morning without accreditation, was able to breeze through the soldiers defending the ground from ticketless invaders. Simon Mann, of the BBC, on the other hand, had to fight his way in and witnessed those soldiers bringing down their *lathis* on the bodies of a group of bona fide ticket-holders.

After that it was plain sailing. Australia won the toss and Mark Waugh became the first man to make two successive centuries in the World Cup, sharing a century opening stand with Mark Taylor, his captain, and going on to make a brilliant 126 from 135 balls. When he was run out Australia were 232 for four, but the remaining six wickets went down for 26 runs, the last four to successive balls. Five batsmen were run out, and a total of 258 appeared to be within India's reach.

It took Australia fewer than six overs to reshape the game, as Damien Fleming removed the India openers while, at the other end, McGrath conceded only four runs in his first four overs.

It was then that Tendulkar decided to counter-attack in the most thrilling way, and for the next hour the cricket was a cliché, but true, breathtaking.

First he took three boundaries off McGrath, then he hit 15 from the bowler's next over, including a six smashed over mid-wicket from a ball only fractionally short of a length. Taylor decided that it was time to summon Shane Warne, his own match-winner, and Tendulkar was not going to shirk the challenge. There followed a passage of great cricket that brought glory to both players.

Tendulkar wound himself up to thrash Warne's first ball to the boundary, but might have perished either to the third ball, which Stuart Law got a hand to at mid-off, or the fifth, which flew past Taylor's ear at slip. In all, the over cost

Warne ten runs as Tendulkar raced to an extraordinary fifty from 41 balls.

Even when Fleming forced Azharuddin to play on, Tendulkar did not draw breath. He had made 90 superb runs from 83 balls when he was drawn to meet an off spinner from Mark Waugh that was called wide. Waugh did not repine! Ian Healy whipped off the bails for his 200th dismissal in one-day internationals and a glo-

rious innings was over. The crowd rose to him and by now, with the floodlights on and the whole city, it seemed, vibrating, a wonderful day had become unforgettable.

India did not give up the game. Manjrekar made a fine half-century and Mongia batied valiantly, but the return of Fleming and the introduction of Steve Waugh proved vital. Fleming ended with five for 36, figures that would normally give a bowler the man-

of-the-match award in a game of 500 runs. On this day of days, though, it was Mark Waugh who took the palm.

What of Warne? After that explosive first over, he bowled the next nine for only 18 runs. It was a magnificent performance, for never once did India's batsmen trust themselves to get after him as Tendulkar had done. Australia's fourth matchwinner was Taylor, the captain, who set the tone of their innings with

59 runs and handled the side in the field later with a master's touch. These were all proper cricketing skills exercised in a one-day game.

Although Australia were to enjoy an even more remarkable victory over West Indies in the semi-final at Chandigarh, this was the best day of the World Cup, and it was never better than during that gilded early evening when one great player, Warne, was bowling to another. Ten-

Mark Waugh lights the fuse of a compelling contest

and

Sally Jones saddles up and joins the Pony Club for the long countdown to the Horse of the Year Show

The junior cavalry prepare to charge

The packed Wembley arena erupts into a deafening cacophony of high-pitched cheering as half-a-dozen excited ponies gallop down the ring like cavalry chargers. Their young riders throw themselves off and sprint along a row of "stepping stones" (upturned buckets) before vaulting back into the saddle and galloping for the line to hand over to the next member of the team. One boy accidentally knocks over a bucket and has to renegotiate the line, losing his team precious seconds in the process, while the parents, coaches and hundreds of small, frantic supporters scream themselves hoarse.

It is a typical scene from the final night of the Prince Philip Cup, the Pony Club mounted games championship, when the knowledgeable Horse of the Year Show crowd, swelled by shrieking nine-year-olds, goes wild after the high tension and split-second precision of the week's showjumping championships.

This is the glamorous aspect of the sport, the mounted games equivalent of the Cup Final; athletic, steely-eyed 14-year-olds, most with spidery, adolescent limbs dwarfing their rough, eager ponies, all drilled within an inch of their lives.

This month Robert Noble, a retired farmer, has already started his preparations for the 1997 competition with about 40 youngsters ranging in age from seven to 14 on rough-coated ponies, going through their paces on a beach at Ayr, for up to three hours, two nights a week.

By April Noble, the trainer of the Eglington Pony Club side, which has dominated the event since 1976, winning the title for the past five years, will have picked two junior (under 12) and two senior (under 15) sides with five children in each.

"Selection day is the worst time of the year," he said, "because some of the children break their hearts when they're left out." Several of the lucky ones will have moved up from the junior A team last year to the senior B team, or from the senior B into the coveted A side, which will start among the favourites for the 1997 Prince Philip Cup.

It is easy for outsiders to scoff at mounted games as a "tungho free-for-all" for the moneyed middle classes. In fact, says Noble, who started training the Eglington side in 1976 when his 13-year-old daughter, Eunice, first took part, the participants come from a wide variety of backgrounds, many on leased or borrowed ponies.

"A good, well-trained pony will change hands for £1,500 to £2,000, sometimes double that, but a lot of the kids without that sort of money behind them train up their own ponies, often paying as little as £75."

The beauty of mounted



games, particularly when the children are putting in so much time and effort to train, is the confidence and character it gives them and the way it builds teamwork. We had our first win at Wembley in 1978 and it was the high point of those children's lives."

Andrew Kirk, 15, from a Northamptonshire comprehensive, is a veteran of four Prince Philip Cup sides and a member of the Oakley Hunt West Pony Club since 1990. He gave me some tips on technique at the British Equestrian Centre at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire.

After the display of bending, sack races, flag races and the like, given by youngsters from the Cheshire Hunt and Rockwood Harriers, including two tiny nine-year-olds on frisky greys, I was sent Troy, and shown the intricacies of the rope race. In this, two competitors canter side by side, holding a short rope between them as they weave in and out of bending poles. At the far end of the arena, one of the pair lets go of the rope, allowing another rider to take his place. The new pairing then "bends" back down the row of poles to the other end, where the final team member is waiting to take the place of the original rider.

Once I was paired with the rider of one of the tiny greys, I discovered the problem of getting two different-sized ponies to canter together at the same speed and of persuading the pony on the outside of each bend to go faster to stay level. First I kicked Troy into too fast a canter, let go of the rope and had to return to where the break occurred. I then neck-reined him across into one of the poles, sending it flying (in a real race, I would have had to replace it myself to avoid disqualification). Troy and my young partner kept their tempers and we finished with a flourish.

Next came the stepping-stone race. I watched in awe as Andrew galloped his pony at full speed to the line of buckets, vaulted himself off, still at a gallop, and tiptoed along the line, while the pony trotted beside him. He vaulted back on with ease and galloped for the finish, completing the entire leg inside ten seconds.

My first attempt was far more demure. "Vault off sideways," Andrew suggested,



Members of the Pony Club in action: mounted games such as this are the equivalent of the Cup Final for the young competitors

"there's no time for a formal dismount — and keep the pony trotting beside you while you run along the buckets, counting them as you go to get the rhythm. The moment you're off the last one, vault back up. No, don't hop about like that; keep facing forwards and bounce up with both feet from just ahead of the saddle, gripping the mane with your left hand and the front of the saddle with your right then swing your right leg over his back and go for it."

After much hopping and swinging, I achieved a vault and knocked over only two stepping-stones. "Passable with about five years' hard practice," came the verdict. "What I love about it is the competition," Andrew said. "Lots of friendly rivalry. Some parents make a lot of sacrifices for their children to compete. My mum's a care worker and my dad's in the motor trade and they've been really supportive. I want to be an RAF pilot and fitting in my riding is pretty tough, but it's been worth it: going to Wembley was one of the greatest weeks of my life."

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BY ROBERT SHEEHAN, BRIDGE CORRESPONDENT

Some readers may remember *The Bedside Book of Bridge*, published a couple of years ago. Aimed at the mass market, this was a compendium of articles written by the famous and the not-so-famous on all manner of subjects related to bridge, admirably edited by Elena Jeronimidis. A recent publication, *More Bedside Bridge*, is more of the same. There are many entertaining and instructive articles; this offering, by Ron Klinger, the Australian expert, is entitled "Best Chances First". How would you play as South in 3 NT on the hands below, after the lead of the three of spades?

Contract: Three No-trumps
Lead: Three of spades

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Cool comfort from a consummate crooner

For those of us finding the preparations for Christmas just a teensy bit stressful, Santa had thoughtfully provided a spot of last-minute couch therapy. From the first few notes of a gloriously syncopated intro, Aretha: Tony Bennett's New York (BBC2, last night) was a television treat. "The best is yet to come," sang the man whom Reggae Nadelson later described as the king of cool, the consummate crooner. As the tension eased from my shoulders, I let out a little groan of gratitude. Where had he been all my life?

Out of fashion, apparently. I am too young to remember, or even indeed to know, that in 1952 Tony Bennett was the biggest selling recording artist in the United States and I am too old to be part of the so-called Generation X who rediscovered easy listening and consider Bennett to be "hipness incarnate". The decade that pro-

vided the background to my formative years, the 1970s, was a black time. "Bennett was still alive, albeit in an extremely laid-back sort of way. "The best is yet to come..." he sang again. Damn, it was good.

Anyway, to cut a long horror-story short, Bennett had a bad time in the 1970s, recording only one album — which is why, presumably, he thought of him at all; it was as the guy with the big nose, who wasn't as good as Frank Sinatra. But all that has changed, as Nadelson succinctly explained, "Ella and Crosby have gone and Sinatra's retired." Now, at 70, it's the man from Astoria's chance to carry the great American songbook.

But this major retrospective belied any suggestion of Buggins's or indeed Bennett's turn. Distinguished people have died and not

commanded 80 minutes of well-crafted television tribute. And Bennett was still alive, albeit in an extremely laid-back sort of way. "The best is yet to come..." he sang again. Damn, it was good.

Nadelson's film was a cleverly multi-stranded affair. There was Bennett's life story, traced from the house on Long Island where he was brought up by Italian parents to the apartment overlooking Central Park where he now lives. Then there was the story of American music, which as far as Bennett was concerned, began and pretty much ended with Louis Armstrong. "If you don't sing like Louis, then you're not singing American music." And so, as Nadelson put it, Louis begat Bing and Bing begat Sinatra ... And Sinatra? No prizes for guessing whom he beat.

There was lots of wonderful music and an impressive cast of

REVIEW



Matthew Bond

talking heads, on hand to explain why every time Bennett opens his mouth to sing "I left my heart in San Francisco" he is telling a lie. His heart is where it's always been, not singing American music." And so, as Wynton Marsalis and Mario Cuomo were there to attest: New York.

"It's all about being famous in that city," explained Bennett. If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere, sang his hero Sinatra.

"The best is yet to come..." sang Bennett for the last time. Stuff "Ding Dong Merrily", I'm off to the record shop.

But not before I've told you about the trains in *Cruel Train* (BBC2, last night). They were magnificent — big, big, steaming, puffing panting beasts, forever rushing into tunnels and clattering across level-crossings. All of which is very handy if you're making free with Emile Zola's *La Bête Humaine* and are in need of some heavy symbolism.

The human cast, led by David Suchet, Sashia Reeves and Adrian Dunbar, were pretty good too, as the writer and director Malcolm McKay set out to re-explore Zola's themes of jealousy, passion and murderous obsession on the wartime London to Brighton line. An old lady in the station cafe helped along some of us slower on the imagery uptake. "God help us," cried the manageress as the bombs fell. "If he's up there. Perhaps it's just us, beasts in hell." Ah, so that's why they keep leaving the door off the engine firebox.

of redemption, who really cares what went on on the 5.30pm from Victoria? Still, it looked great, the steam engines were wonderful and it was a rare hour or so of seriously ambitious television drama. On that basis alone, it deserves commendation.

By contrast, Dr Finlay (ITV, Friday) was an hour of seriously unambitious television drama and all the better for it. It was the night before Hogmanay and Arden House was snowed in. The only occupants were Janet and Dr Cameron, who promptly had a heart attack and retired to bed, and Dr Finlay and the glamorous Dr Napier. The big question was whether Finlay (David Rintoul) take advantage of the snow, the roaring fires, the lack of beds, finally to propose? You'd get better odds on Zola's hell freezing over than Finlay ever seizing the day. In the end it all came down to dumplings, as life in Tam o' shanter so often does.

7.00pm NEWS (T) (262897) 7.10 Favourite Songs (T) (709304) 7.35 The Little Drummer Boy (T) (814781) 8.00 News (T) 10.15 The Last Stand: Prince Valiant (7825370) 8.35 Blue Peter (T) (6849410) 9.00 News (T) (3809528) 9.00 Games Games (T) (4424304) 9.30 Sweet Valley High (T) (2482217) 9.55 The Foky Christmas Story (9577491) 10.05 Playdays (201625) 10.30 The World of Peter Rabbit and Friends (55946)

11.00 WIPEOUT New series of the game show, hosted by Paul Daniels (2238)

11.30 SMILIES LAUGHS (3965) WALES: Animal Sanctuary

12.00 A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS The annual festive music competition (28304)

1.00pm NEWS (T) (82284782)

1.05 REGIONAL NEWS (9315743)

1.15 NEIGHBOURS (T) (58309472)

1.35 CALL THE BUCH (21924891)

2.05 FILM: All I Want for Christmas Two children want their divorced parents back together for Christmas. With Janey Sheridan and Hayley Jane Kozak. Directed by Robert Lieberman (7224101)

3.30 THE BUSY WORLD OF RICHARD SCARRY (1145187) 5.05 The Christmas Zone (2485472) 5.06 Newround (T) (5657536) 5.10 Blue Peter (T) (5159033)

5.35 NEIGHBOURS (T) (505984)

6.00 NEWS (T) and weather (934743)

6.15 REGIONAL NEWS (928256)

6.30 ARE YOU BEING SERVED? The staff are outraged by Young Mr. Grace's decision to transfer them to the toy department (T) (T) (946)

7.00 TELLY ADDICTS The stars of Eastenders and Emmerdale put their television knowledge to the test (T) (5507)

7.30 ANIMAL SANCTUARY John Craven reports from Kenya on attempts to return an orphaned lion cub to the wild (T) (530) WALES: O Little Town of Bethlehem

8.00 EASTENDERS Mark receives some unexpected news which throws him into a panic (T) (2255)

8.30 CHEF The Chateau Anglais hosts a society wedding and Gareth falls for an old flame. Last in series (T) (T) (7162)

9.00 NEWS (T); regional news and weather (2472)

9.30 THE THIN BLUE LINE Fower ponder a difficult choice — pop the big question to Patricia or go through life as a bachelor. Last in series (T) (27053)

10.00 THEY THINK IT'S ALL OVER Gary Lineker and David Gower are joined by Steve Beckley and David Baddiel (10265)

10.30 EURO 96 WHEN FOOTBALL CAME HOME Desmond Lyman and guests including Terry Venables, Alan Shearer and Frank Skinner, get all nostalgic about England's festival of football (T) (56148)

11.30 FILMS IN THE WINTER WITH BARRY NORMAN (T) (2103)

12.15pm PHIL COLLINS BIG BAND A fly-on-the-wall insight into the life of Phil Collins (T) (14231)

1.15 UNPLUGGED: PHIL COLLINS (T) (731415)

2.05 WEATHER (1848386)

7.20pm FILM: A Farewell to Arms (b/w, 1932) with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. An American lieutenant falls in love with an English nurse during the First World War. Directed by Frank Borzage (9344120)

8.40 SEE HEAR! (T) (7124304)

9.20 FILM: The Sound Around the Corner (b/w, 1940) starring James Stewart and Margaret Sullivan. Two antagonistic shop employees are unaware that they are, in fact, secretly hearts apart. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch (T) (5125168)

11.00 FILM: In Search of the Castaways (1962) with Maurice Chevalier and Hayley Mills. Two teenagers travel to South America in search of their father. Directed by Robert Stevenson (T) (6546893)

12.40pm ON CHRISTMAS EVE Animated tale (932168)

1.05 FILM: Now, Voyager (1942, b/w) starring Bette Davis. A nervous and frustrated spinster falls for a married man. Directed by Irving Rapper (5235537)

2.00 THE BIG PICTURE A report on Yorkshire's popularity as a location for movie-makers (9188)

3.30 INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING Highlights from Olympia (5560965)

4.20 FILM: Easter Parade (1945) starring Fred Astaire and Judy Garland. Light-hearted musical (78176138)

6.00 SPACE PRECINCT (T) (930743)

6.15 GOOG (540588)

6.55 AFFAIRS TO REMEMBER (345120)

7.00 1914-18: Legacy Reflecting how the final ending of the First World War did little to relieve the suffering of millions across Europe. Last in series (163858)

7.50 A WEEK TO REMEMBER (b/w) (19473)

8.00 OPEN RHODES Gary travels to the Caribbean island of Grenada to find out how the Christmas spices are grown. Last in series (T) (9304)

9.00 AN EVERYDAY STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE Documentary marking the centenary of Country Life magazine (T) (3151304)

10.05 FILM: Love Story (1970) Romantic drama with Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neal. Directed by Arthur Hiller (T) (101292)

11.45 FILM: Un Homme et Une Femme (1968) starring Jean-Louis Trintignant and Anne Bancroft. Oscar-winning drama about a romance developing between a widow and a racing driver. Directed by Claude Lelouch. In French with English subtitles (409644).

12.00pm WEATHER (222876)

8.00 AN AUDIENCE WITH CHARLES DICKENS: Sikes and Nancy first of five programmes with Simon Callow re-enacting the readings given by Charles Dickens from his novels (T) (6257)

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In the Dark...With Julian Clary (ITV, 11.25pm)

Julian Clary hosts a pilot game show in which three young couples compete for an all-expenses paid trip to New York. So what's new? The joke is that the contestants have to perform entirely in the dark, but, thanks to clever camerawork, we at home can see what they are up to. In one of the games they have to go into a bedroom, put on pyjamas and slippers, get a water bed and apply face cream. In another they are required to serve a meal of soup, spaghetti and meat balls and jelly and cream. The format may be novel but it is just another way of getting us to laugh at ordinary people making fools of themselves, with the bonus for Clary fans, at least of a quip-filled turn from the camp host. The perhaps surprising news is that 19 countries, from Iceland to Japan, have already bought the show. Peter Waymark

Simon Callow as Dickens (8.00pm)

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**TRADING 33**

Wellington in
the market
for more cash

BUSINESS

MONDAY DECEMBER 23 1996

DIARY 34

Saatchi loses
the taste for
pizza party



BUSINESS EDITOR LINDSAY COOK

Christmas contrasts: lavish rewards for City dealmakers, bleak outlook for the jobless

Fees smash £1bn barrier

By MARTIN WALLER,
DEPUTY CITY EDITOR

FEES earned by the City this year from takeover deals and other mergers will easily top the £1 billion mark for the first time, including bonuses to individual professionals that will create a raft of new millionaires.

The bonanza is set to continue because of the late flurry of takeover bids that will come to fruition in early 1997. Although the total value of takeovers masterminded by the City will not reach the record set in 1995, the complexity of several huge deals this year has sharply boosted their cost.

Last year the City earned £950 million in fees, largely that was spread around a handful of City professions, most notably bankers and stockbrokers but including lawyers, accountants, public relations executives and other advisers. But this figure will

be exceeded easily in 1996, according to Philip Healey, editor of *Acquisitions Monthly*, the specialist publication that produces a regular tally of takeovers and mergers.

Two deals alone, the Granada purchase of Forte for £3.9 billion and the break-up of the Hanson empire, generated some £200 million of fees for the City. The total paid by

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